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NO. 58.—VOL. X. (New Series).

AUGUST, 1900.

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**The Yeoman of the Guard.**  
*From the painting by Sir John Millais.*



## I.

AT eleven of the clock on the night of the 24th August, 1572 (Saint Bartholomew's Day), and in the old Palace of the French Kings at Paris, Charles IX. and three great personages sat together.

The chamber of their conference was long and lofty, with a wonderful painted ceiling: "The Island and Palace of Alcina" and "The Country of Logistilla" from Ariosto's epic; and the space over the King's chair was all ablaze with golden stars glowing in the depth of a dark blue heaven. The long casements were unhasped and flung open to the night air, for the atmosphere was close and heavy, and the black August clouds pressed down upon the city, and the Seine surged between her banks and cast up a mist to the dim moon.

One of the figures in the chamber arose, and walked with much rustle of silk to the casements, and looked down upon the silent mass of roofs and spires.

This personage was Charles de Guise, usually called the Cardinal of Lorraine, a man of a most intolerant spirit, who had

been minister to Francis II., and now held the same office under the present King.

He stood silent a moment, his eyes scanning the prospect beneath him; then turning his face to those in the chamber, and stretching his arm towards the sleeping city, he began to speak in low tones.

"Look forth," he said, "upon this slumbering town, spread under our eyes like unto a field of wheat and tares; Catholics and Huguenots mingled together! the one, the seed of God; the other, the seed of Satan! But your Grace," he bowed low to the figure seated in the King's chair, which was in shadow, "your Grace shall by to-night's great vengeance sift the good wheat from the chaff."

"I know not, Cardinal," said the figure in a weary voice; "the parable hath it, 'let the twain grow together until the harvest, lest in rooting up the tares ye destroy the good wheat also.'"

A tall, courtly man in the dress of a soldier arose and stepped out of the gloom.

"Suffer me to amend the parable," he said. "Your Grace shall not harm the

good wheat," and he drew forth a white scarf and bound it on his arm. "All Catholics will know one another by this sign; and in the strength of the Cross, and in the blessing of the Pope shall they utterly destroy the tares only!"

This speaker was the Duke de Guise (Henry of Lorraine), who at midnight was to lead the massacre of the Huguenots.

The young King sighed deeply, and fumbled at a small crucifix which he wore suspended from his neck.

"True," he said uneasily, "yet methinks the parable again hath it that the reapers of the wheat and tares shall be the angels, and that harvest—what is it but the last day of the world?"

The Cardinal of Lorraine left the casements, and swept towards the King with an air of authority.

"Sire," he said firmly, "it is the gift of Holy Church, and Holy Church alone, to interpret the true meaning of all Scripture. Such power rests not in Princes."

The young King shifted feverishly in his chair, but made no answer.

And now the last personage of the little group came slowly forward. This was a woman, Catherine de Medici, the mother of the King.

"My son," she said, "the Lord Cardinal has spoken. His word is the word of Holy Church. His message is, as it were, from the lips of God. As of old the Divine command came unto the chosen race, 'Put the Amorites to the edge of the sword!' so now to you speaks the same voice, 'Destroy the Huguenots!'"

The Cardinal fixed his eyes upon the King.

"Gracious Liege," he said, "your royal mother joins her weighty arguments to those of your Divine Mother, the Church. With two such sage advisers, who should be wrong?"

"Come then!" cried Charles, rousing himself, and glancing wildly about him, "upon the heads of my advisers fall the blame, if blame there be!" A hectic flush appeared upon his cheeks, and his nervous hands dragged unconsciously at his pectoral crucifix.

The Duke de Guise, at a sign from Catherine, strode across the chamber.

"You are going?" cried the King excitedly.

"To the holy work," returned the Duke; then stopping suddenly, "the hour is close at hand. Even now the secret ringers are in the churches. At the first stroke of midnight the bells from all the steeples in the city will clang out 'Death to the Huguenots!'" He advanced again hurriedly.

"Stay!" shrieked Charles, springing from his chair and stepping down.

"Too late, Sire!" answered the Duke, "Death to the Huguenots!"—and the arras fell behind him; he was gone.

The King remained standing, his eyes fixed on vacancy, a half-mad expression on his twitching face.

Catherine de Medici and the Cardinal of Lorraine commenced to pace the long chamber and to converse in earnest whispers.

The faint sound of viols and hautboys, played in some distant room in the palace, came softly to their ears.

Outside the casements, down below in the city, the silence was as the silence of death. Suddenly, as though under some fateful influence, the music of the viols and hautboys ceased; and at the same moment Catherine and the Cardinal halted, and stood expectant.

There was a whirl in the air and an upward swirl, and out in the old city the heavy, ominous bells from every steeple joined their hoarse voices in one dreadful clang! Down every street and byway rushed like a dark river the armed men, zealous to kill!

Casements were heard opening in the palace; voices called one to the other; and the Cardinal of Lorraine, with ecstatic eyes, murmured under his breath snatches of the "Laus Deo." And now a sound arose in the night far more dreadful, far more awful than the clang of the heavy bells, or the rushing sound of the cruel feet; this was the terrified shriek of the hunted human creature. The massacre of Saint Bartholomew's Day had begun—and the dusky dawn rolled up from the east to witness it.

"My son, my son," muttered Catherine de Medici, "the greatest hour of thy reign is at hand."

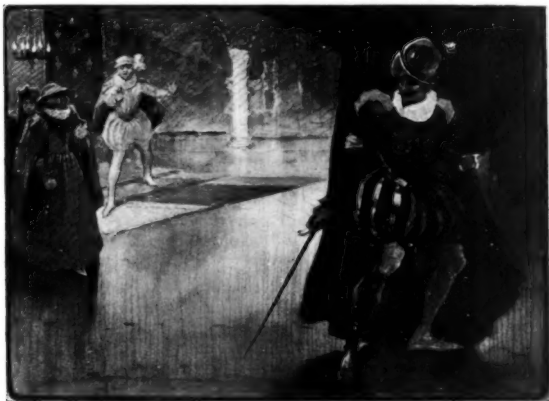
But the King answered her never a word; he stood as though bereft of sense and movement. The Cardinal of Lorraine beckoned Catherine to the casements, and she went and joined him there, and they watched the flying forms in the streets and the dark bands pursuing.

One woman came running in a white garment, with a child wildly clasped

it with her body, and strove feebly to protect it. So the man with the sword whirled the blade above his head—

"Close the casements!" shrieked Charles. "Jesu Maria!—Jesu Maria!" and he thrust his fingers in his ears, and ran up the long chamber to where a great door gave entrance to another room. This door he flung open, crying "Light! light!" and shrieking out the names of his courtiers and courtesans.

Evidently they were congregated in that room, for they came at his call: a



"Too late, Sire!" answered the Duke. "Death to the Huguenots!"

to her breast. In the frenzy of her love and her despair, she gained upon her murderers, till one of them, halting in the chase, brought up his musket and fired.

The King had crept terror-stricken to the casements, and stood looking down upon the scene. The woman fell, and the white garment showed a red stain, widening, ever widening, as she lay. With a shout the hunters came down upon her, and one of them tried to pierce the child with a sword. But she covered

motley crowd of both sexes flaunting silks and jewels in profusion. The women were laughing to the men's jesting, as though there were no hideous tragedies being enacted in the streets below (the etiquette of the French Court was proverbial). Catherine de Medici and the Cardinal of Lorraine joined the King where he stood surrounded by his host of sycophants. But he found small comfort in their flatteries in that dreadful dawning.

"Here, you," muttered Catherine to

one of the many servants who entered with flaming candles, "close fast the casements, and shut out those cries below; and bring music, speedily, or you die," and she cast a look on him and his fellows that gave wings to their obedience. The hasped casements shut out the sounds of death; the lights flared boldly against the creeping dawn; and the horrible gaiety of the mincing French dances which swelled out from shadowy galleries and corners of the long chamber, created with the ever-moving through a scene of mocking fantasy.

"A dance, Sire?" murmured the King's favourite in his royal ear; and Charles, with a terrible laugh, seized her hand and acceded to her wishes.

"See!" whispered the Cardinal of Lorraine to Catherine, "Mademoiselle Julie has accomplished our behests," and he smiled.

"She shall have her reward," answered Catherine, "if she keep him from his thoughts."

The Cardinal bent lower to the ear of his august mistress. "What of the Admiral of France—Gaspard de Coligni? Should he escape to-night, the holy work were useless! The leader of the Huguenots *must* die."

"Doubt nothing," answered Catherine with a ghastly smile; "already I have ordered that his head be sent to the Pope."

The Cardinal of Lorraine bowed low. "The Church will ever be grateful, Madame," he said. "To you it was given to drive the heretic from France, and you have not proved faithless. Our work is one: *ad majorem Dei gloriam*;" and with a look towards the King and his creatures, he left the long chamber in company with Catherine de Medici.

## II.

WHEN the Cardinal had stood at the casements, and had looked down upon the silent city that night, perchance his eye rested for a moment on a rambling old tenement built nigh to the river, with a garden that enclosed it on every side.

This was the home of Jean Nicholas

Moreau, a young musician, a Catholic, and a great favourite with the King.

About that hour when Charles and his advisers were seated in the long chamber, Jean, in a small room in the left wing of his old house, was poring over a strip of vellum, upon which he was transcribing a song he had made for the King.

Here and there amongst the notes and rests, sometimes below the stave, sometimes above it, he would paint little flowers of brilliant hue, and dark green leaves, and birds of gorgeous plume, and savage beasts of faerie lands. Such a recluse was Jean, that save for his visits to the King, and his meditations in his garden, the folk of Paris saw little of him. But he saw them, and watched them from his turret, and felt a kindly interest as he looked down upon the world and hummed brief snatches of his new-born lays. That night as he pursued the Illuminator's art, a young fair face came flitting through his thoughts, and time after time he found the brush and pen unconsciously tracing the sweet features beneath his nervous fingers. Whose face was it? He would not force his mind to meet the question; he dared not; for he knew the answer in his heart, and he kept it there, deep down with a yearning love that might not find expression. The face was that of Marguerite Froissart, the only child of old Paul Froissart the Huguenot, a stern white-bearded man of ancient family, and a flaming preacher of the new doctrines.

Jean, seated in his turret, had seen for a whole summer these twain pass and re-pass his garden-home, and round the fine old zealot and the slender girl, he had woven many happy dreams.

At first the dreams were those of friendship. How he would love to know them! How he would like to see them in his house, or in his garden—yes, rather there; the girl was like some mystic flower.

Once, at sunset, as they passed beneath him, he had unhasped the lattice and flung it wide, making what noise he could to catch their notice. And the girl had looked up! In that one look

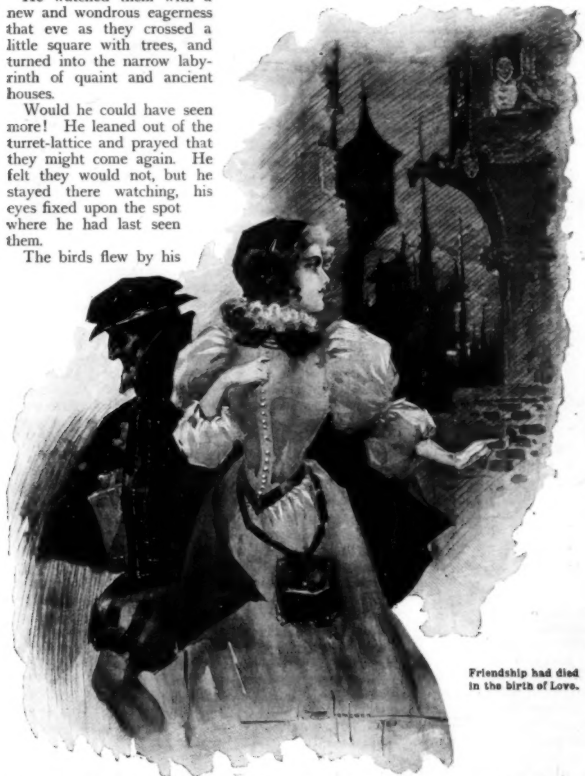


all that was best and truest in his soul, had flown down to her, and friendship had died in the birth of Love. was the only thing that came to him, and he shut the lattice against it with a lonely heart.

He watched them with a new and wondrous eagerness that eve as they crossed a little square with trees, and turned into the narrow labyrinth of quaint and ancient houses.

Would he could have seen more! He leaned out of the turret-lattice and prayed that they might come again. He felt they would not, but he stayed there watching, his eyes fixed upon the spot where he had last seen them.

The birds flew by his



Friendship had died  
in the birth of Love.

face, giving low cries as they sought their nests; the sun went down with bars of red gold in the western sky. Darkness

And thus it was that on the night of the Feast of Saint Bartholomew, Jean Nicholas Moreau, engaged upon trans-

cribing the King's song, found a young fair face appearing amidst the blaze of his illuminations. So intent was he on his work, so entirely possessed by his thoughts, so hushed by the silence of the room and the city without it, that it was long ere the feeling of another presence near him, caused him to raise his eyes and find that he was not alone.

With a start he beheld a figure clad in black armour (the visor down) standing motionless at his right hand. Round the arm of the figure was a white band.

He addressed his visitor curtly.

"Your name?" he demanded.

"It matters not," was the reply.

"Your business here?"

"A letter from the King."

Jean extended his hand, and the figure gave him a small note which he opened and read.

It ran thus:

"We desire thee here at dawn to ply thy music. He who bears this will warn thee of a certain matter."

That was all. No signature, nor seal, nor date; but it was in the King's character. Jean addressed himself to the figure again.

"You know the contents of this note?"

"I know it."

"What is this certain matter?"

For reply the strange messenger drew forth a white scarf, and placed it in the hand of his questioner. "At midnight," he said, "bind this upon your arm."

"But for what reason?"

The messenger paused a moment. "His Majesty was not misinformed then," he said, "in counting you amongst the ignorant. Know that at midnight all the holy bells of Paris will call true Catholics to a sacred work. The Huguenots must die!"

Jean's face grew blanched. The Huguenots must die? As in a vision he beheld stern old Paul Froissart and his daughter Marguerite crossing that little square, with trees—and it was sunset. He pulled himself together, and kissed the King's letter, and bound the white scarf upon his arm after the manner of his visitor. Deep in his heart he whispered that *two* Huguenots should live! But how was he to save them?

"My mission is concluded," said the man in black armour. "Monsieur, I retire."

"Not yet," said Jean. "Tell me," he continued, "how you entered here. The King's messenger should hardly come as a thief in the night."

"Monsieur, your servant admitted me—aye, even to this chamber. I remained silent, awaiting your convenience."

"Your pardon then," said Jean. "I have been discourteous. Will you not raise your visor?"

"I will not," was the reply.

"And if I—" suggested Jean, advancing.

"At your peril, Monsieur!" and the King's messenger laid his hand upon his sword.

"Good," said Jean, and he took a piece of gold from a purse on the table, and held it towards his visitor.

"Monsieur," said the man in black armour, "you mistake. Put up your gold. Farewell;" and he turned to quit the chamber.

"But one question," demanded Jean.

The man paused, and bowed.

"Why are you in secret?"

"Monsieur, I will tell you. I am one of the unknown leaders in to-night's—to-night's"—he hesitated.

"Massacre!" suggested Jean.

"It is not so," answered the man; "no massacre, but a sacrifice to God! Farewell."

A terrible clash of bells rang out into the midnight air.

"The signal!" cried the full fierce voice through the visor. "Death to the Huguenots! Death! Death!"

Jean rushed to the lattice and flung it open, and looked out. Dark bands of men were gliding through the city. He turned again towards his visitor. He had gone.

The King's letter lay open on the table. Jean read it through once more. Yes, he must obey the King's command, and stand before him in the dawn. But what of Marguerite? She must be saved at all hazards. How? He stood pondering a moment, but the cries in the streets told him the necessity for action.

He swiftly donned his hat and cloak; saw that his sword swung free, and taking up the King's song, hurried from the chamber.

Down in the hall he found Armand—his old doorkeeper—intent on trying the point of a poniard on the palm of his hand. Jean passed him with a shudder, and, leaving the house, crossed the garden and made for that narrow labyrinth of quaint and ancient houses.

Frightful as were the scenes around him, he had no time to spare for help or pity. He strode on, his naked sword in his hand and the white band on his arm winning safety for him from his co-religionists. He met a savage, unkempt fellow with a bloody javelin. The fellow hailed him, and pointed to the white band he was wearing. Jean stopped.

"The house of Froissart, the Huguenot," he asked. "Which way?"

The fellow grinned. "You would pay off some old score, Monsieur? Ho! ho! My regrets; I myself have performed your office," and he wiped the bloody javelin on his knee. A deadly sickness seized Jean; his senses swam; a mist seemed to rise between him and the man. "Which house?" he gasped. The fellow pointed to the open portal of an ancient dwelling. "That one," he said. With a cry Jean reached it, and entered. He heard the fellow in the street shout, "Death to the Huguenots!" but the silence of the fatal house appeared more dreadful. He entered a room on the right: empty and desolate. He entered a room on the left: old Paul Froissart lay dead across the hearthstone, with an open Bible in his hand. No sign of Marguerite!



"My King!" cried Jean. "safety lies with thee!"

He heard a party of horsemen riding down the street, and driving a band of Huguenots before them. Shrieks and groans—the air without was full of them!

He left old Froissart, and sought the upper rooms. On every side his eye encountered the results of wanton havoc.

He entered a small chamber—a kind of lumber room. The dawn was now peeping in at the casements. He

stumbled over something; bent down to see what it was.

Marguerite!

With a cry he raised her in his arms. At first he thought her dead; but no. In a moment she opened her eyes, and scanned his face in a strange, dazed manner. "Hush," he said, "be not afraid. It is I, Jean Nicholas Moreau—thy—thy friend." Apparently she did not hear his words, or, if she heard, did not understand them. She closed her eyes, and lay quite passive in his arms.

Down in the street he heard the clatter of the horsemen, and the groans of the dying Huguenots. What could he do to save her, now that he had found her? He looked about him anxiously—and the dawn at the casements gave him advice. It was time he stood in the presence of Charles, prepared to do his pleasure. In an instant he had formed a desperate plan: to bear the girl in his arms safe through the cruel streets until he had laid her at the feet of the King. And then, he told himself, protection would be certain; safety assured.

Tenderly—with all the great pent-up love of his heart set free—he bore his unconscious burden from the little room, and down the stairs, and so into the street.

A great babel of cries, and a hoarse murmur of an awakened city, seemed to surround him on every side. Several dark forms wearing the white scarf sprang towards him as soon as he appeared. He shouted in their faces that he was a Catholic; and they seemed inclined to let him pass, until one of them, with a pointing finger, cried, "Froissart's daughter!"—then the danger of his position increased a hundredfold.

"Let me pass!" he cried. "Stay me at your peril! The girl is dead, and I bear her body to the King!"

The murderers laughed, and a voice shouted, "We are with you!—set forward!"—and he found himself at the head of some dozen wretches, eager for blood and gold—the very dregs of old Paris.

In the light of the spreading dawn, the horrors of the streets became revealed, and everywhere scenes of blood and

death arose before his eyes. Men, women, and children; wounded, dying, dead;—some slain in their first terror; others, after much resistance. Those amongst the Huguenots who had had courage to arm, showed by the little groups of Catholic slain, that lions were in their ranks as well as sheep.

Street after street proclaimed the hideous work of that fell night, right up to the very gates of the King's palace.

In the long upper chamber with the many casements, and the wondrous painted ceiling, Charles and his sycophants, with all his Court, had dined the night out, and the dawn in. Looking down from the casements stood the Cardinal of Lorraine. Did he, in the coming day, find his heart at peace, and his mind at rest, as his eyes dwelt upon the city: that casket of his sacrifice unto the Lord? He gave his attention to a little group of persons drawing near and nearer to the palace. He perceived they were led by a young man, who bore a slender, fainting girl in his arms. The savage wretches who surrounded these two, observing the Cardinal, greeted him with a hoarse shout and a waving of weapons.

The young man looked up at the casements, and met the eyes of the Cardinal. His Eminence flung open the casements, and beckoned kindly to the young man. A figure joined the Cardinal—a pale, waxen-faced, mad-looking creature with a fowling-piece in its hands. This was the King, changed in one night well-nigh beyond recognition!

When the young man saw Charles, a sweet peace entered into his heart, and his step grew strong and light as he advanced with all that he loved best in his arms. The goal of safety was reached! Surely all the danger now lay behind him. He looked up and smiled. "My King," he cried. He saw the Cardinal seize the King's arm, and whisper in his ear. He saw Charles give a wild look round him.

"My King!" cried Jean, "safety lies with thee!" and he raised the girl as high as he could towards Charles, not a fear in his heart, not a tremor in his voice.

He saw the King lean out from the casements; he saw two mad eyes scanning his form. He heard the King cry in a strained, harsh voice, "Who is it?"

And before he could reply, his savage escort shouted as one man, "Froissart's daughter!" He saw a puff of smoke, staggered back as under some sudden blow; felt the form in his arms contract, shiver, and slip from his grasp to the ground. He stood dazed; his body swaying; his eyes fixed on the casements.

As in a vision, he saw the Cardinal draw Charles back into the long chamber; and heard the mad King cry, "Froissart's daughter!" and then, with a terrible laugh, "Death to the Huguenots!"

That was all; he saw and heard no more. Without a sound he staggered forward, and fell senseless.

### III.

IN spite of the Pope having struck a medal for remembrance, most men strove hard to forget the massacre of Saint Bartholomew's Day. And, indeed, the callous slaughter of some thirty thousand persons is scarcely a happy subject for recollection! So men strove hard to forget, and some of them, no doubt, succeeded. Perhaps the Cardinal of Lorraine was one; perhaps the Duke de Guise was another; perhaps Catherine de Medici, with her watchful eyes for ever on her son, thought even he had forgotten. But Charles IX., King of France, could not forget. Waking or sleeping, the terrible cries of that night rang for ever in his ears; and in his dreams he saw the dead Huguenots, bloody and pale, rise up before him from vault and field. "Thou art the man!" they seemed to murmur, and they stood before him a great condemning army—that came at *midnight* and never left till dawn.

The King slept ill, his physicians said; and they gave him drugs to make him sleep the better. He slept no better, and a year went slowly by.

Catherine de Medici took her son in

hand; she reasoned with him. The Huguenots were dead, she argued; the green grass waved above their graves.

"They rise again," said Charles, and he gave his mother a strange look.

Often he wandered alone about the palace, and none dared speak to him.

Sometimes in the night the guard at the door of the King's bedchamber heard him cry, "What blood! what blood!"—and they saw the physicians go in, and come out again with white scared faces.

A rumour went throughout the whole of France that the judgment of God had stricken down the King; but none might speak of it; Catherine's spies were legion, and no man's life was safe.

The physicians tried to cure the King by strange diversions. Any mountebank fellow that knew a trick, or had a bear that danced, was welcome at the Court. Jugglers, tumblers, mummers to sing and act; to all the palace door swung wide.

Sometimes the King would show some fitting interest in the games; at other seasons he would sit with the old look of horror growing in his eyes. His physicians would watch him then, for often he would cry, "What blood! what blood!" by day as well as by night.

Many times he stood at the casements in the long chamber, and looked down with a sad wistfulness on that rambling old tenement built nigh to the river, with a garden that enclosed it on every side.

Frequently he sent a messenger to the old house and commanded that Jean Nicholas Moreau should appear before him.

The messengers went again and again, but they never told the King how the old house lay deserted, and how no man could tell them whither its occupant had gone. Indeed, Charles never questioned them; he simply waited for his favourite.

The King was mad!

A year went by, and now the royal doors were closed against the mountebanks. Another rumour spread throughout the land: that Charles was dying.

In a small chamber where few sounds came, the King lay on his bed. Day in and day out the physicians strove with all their skill to bring him sleep. His



"The King is dead!" she muttered. They replied, "Long live the King!"

eyes, like two deep flaming stars, shone in his sunken face; and those who saw him found the eyes haunting them in after hours.

The physicians strove, and failed. The dreadful eyes stared out; there seemed no power on earth to close them.

And now the King mumbled and muttered without cease. He still cried out, "What blood! what blood!" but he added a new horror. This was counting. "One—two—three—four—five," and on, and on, all day, all night, right up into thousands; only to lose count somewhere in the lone night, and to begin again, "One—two—three—four—five," with the dawning. When he lost count he would shriek out: "Justice, oh God! Justice!—the blood that is on me—how much blood? The souls that damn me—how many souls? Justice! Justice, oh God! I will not be guilty for the souls I have not slain!"—and with a fierce, wild energy, "One—two—three—four—five"—only to lose count again and to shriek aloud for justice.

The physicians stood together in a

little group; they merely whispered now, and watched the King. All they could do was done, and all, was nothing.

As they stood watching, Catherine de Medici entered the chamber with a pale-faced, bearded man, in long sad robes which hid his form. A new physician; a pilgrim from the East; one learned in strange diseases, so she told the group of watchers.

The new physician gazed upon the King, who lay busy with his counting. There was no sound in the chamber save that monotonous voice. Catherine de Medici came close to the physician and whispered in his ear.

"The King sleeps not," she said, "neither day nor night."

The physician nodded.

"Canst make him sleep?"

The physician regarded her fixedly. "I can," he answered, in a low, firm voice.

"Fulfil thy word," said Catherine, "and ask what fee thou wilt."

For a moment they both stood motionless and looked upon the King. Then

the physician drew forth a vial, and, bending over, poured its contents into the mumbling mouth of Charles. There was a pause. For a moment the monotonous voice went on with its weary counting, then ceased.

"He will sleep," said the physician briefly.

There was utter silence in the chamber; every eye was turned upon the King.

Suddenly Catherine bent down and put her face close to that of her son. Then she slowly raised it with the most terrible expression man ever saw. It passed, and she smiled upon the physician.

"The King sleeps well," she said; "tell me thy name that I may reward thee."

"My name," answered the physician wearily, "it is a name the King loved once—Jean Nicholas Moreau."

There was strange silence in the chamber for a moment. Then Catherine spoke.

"Jean Nicholas Moreau," she said in a toneless voice, "there are secrets the world must not know, and rewards the world dare not question. A secret is thine, and a reward is thine. Go in peace."

But the physician did not move.

"Madame," he said, "I know the re-

ward that is mine, and the manner in which I shall receive it, for I know you, and have known those who have gone from your presence, as I shall go: into a nameless grave. I am prepared, and therefore I am ready."

Catherine bowed slightly, and, going to the door of the chamber, beckoned in a page.

"Conduct Monsieur," she said, "and see that he leaves our palace secretly and unseen. This key"—producing one of peculiar pattern, at sight of which the page's face blanched—"this key will give him entrance to the narrow corridor in the west wing, down which the Duc de Brisson walked some months ago. Monsieur will enter alone, the corridor is dark, but he will feel his way; thou wilt lock the door behind him. Take three of the guard with thee; begone."

The physician bent low, and whispered some words in the dead ear of Charles:

"A life for a life, my King!"

Then he drew himself up, and bowing to Catherine, followed the page from the chamber with a firm tread.

Catherine turned to the physicians, and placed her hand on the breast of her son.

"The King is dead!" she muttered.

They replied as with one voice:

"Long live the King!"



## THE CARLYLE OF ART.

AN APPRECIATION OF S. H. SIME.

BY WALTER C. PURCELL.

THERE are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, and it is exactly the things of which the philosophers never dream that Mr. Sime delights to picture. If an artist choose to picture Richard the Third on Bosworth Field, there is no reason why another artist should not picture the witches in "Macbeth." If the mountain and the meadow, the hills and the streams, which, in Ruskin's picturesque phrase, fill the hills with wind-ing light, find a thousand portrayers, why should not the nightmares with which every well-fed Briton is infected not find an artist of their own? Mr. Sime is the artist of nightmares, and, art being all-comprehensive, who can say that he does not fill his appointed place in the artistic economy of things? When Mr. Sime pictures a mermaid, as is portrayed in our illustration, he does not give us the mermaid of tradition, a soft, alluring, voluptuous entity, but an all-devouring monster of the crocodile species, the mermaid that one might expect to see in his dreams.

Mr. Sime's weird grotesques have appeared in the pages of "The Sketch," "The Favorite," "The Idler," and "Pick-me-Up," whilst the illustrations which he did for the latter paper for Mr. Arnold Golsworthy's weekly theatrical article—signed "Jingle"—attracted a good deal of attention. The inimitably light, dainty humour of Mr. Golsworthy attracted Sime, and they have done a good deal of work together. In fact, they have derived inspiration from each other, and an instance of this came under my notice recently. The proprietor of

a popular monthly told me the artist sent him a drawing of "The Mermaid," and the same evening he showed it to Mr. Arnold Golsworthy, and asked him if he would write a few verses to accompany it. With a facility born of genius, Mr. Golsworthy immediately wrote the following powerful verses:—

O thou mariner, riding acrest of the swell  
Of the glittering spray-spattered sea,  
Take thou heed of the bubbles and spumings  
that tell  
Of the Hag of the Ocean—the Mermaid of  
Hell—  
That is lying in wait there for thee!

When the moon is smudged out, and the night  
chaos-dark,  
And the waves surging angry and high,  
She is more to be feared than the ravenous  
shark,  
As she lashes along in the trail of the barque  
With her hideous, spluttering cry.

Though the men at the wheel fiercely strain eye  
and ear,  
Yet their striving shall never avail;  
For the Hag in the deep, with a maddening leer,  
Writhes alongside the rudder, the doomed ship  
to steer  
On the rocks in the path of the gale.

Comes the word, that the Mermaid has fastened  
her grip  
On them all—and despair stamps each face;  
And they know that there's never a hope for  
the ship,  
As each turns up his eyes with a prayer on his  
lip,  
Or a groaning and shrieking for grace.

Still the Hag of the Sea to the rudder below  
Grimly hangs, as a cumbering clod,  
Till the rocks smite the vessel a murderous  
blow,  
And the din rises over their mad screams of  
woe  
Like the roar of a merciless god.





The Mermaid.  
*Drawn by S. H. Sims.*

Wide her gills will dilate at the sound of the thud,

As she belches forth bubbles of glee,  
At the thought of her feast 'mong the weeds  
and the mud;

For her meat is man's flesh, and her drink is his blood—

And they call her the Ghoul of the Sea!

Mr. Sime is, if you like, a fantastic artist, but in all his fantasy there is a moral, and in his every line there is a thought. Take, as an example, the picture which we give of "The Felon Flower;" did ever before black and white drawing depict the weirdness, the sadness, and one might say the picturesqueness of the plunge into doom with the hope and the certain promise of the hereafter that this drawing of Mr. Sime's insinuates? He is fond of a dark background, though he can, on special occasions, dispense with it, as he has done so effectively in the drawing which we reproduce of Emil Sauer, and which those who have had the pleasure of seeing, not to speak of listening to, that eminent



"Where's the war?"



Old Lady, *loc.*: "What are those idiotic people making all that fuss about?"

pianist, will recognise as being more true to life and more full of life than any photograph could possibly be. Notwithstanding all the strides the photographic art has made, it has come to be recognised that in depicting, for instance, a battle scene, it lags far behind the lively pen of the artist. We do not know whether Mr. Sime has ever taken a photograph, or what is his opinion of photography in general, but, judging by the inwardness of things, we should say that he could scent a photographer's shop round the corner, and that he would cross over the street to avoid it.

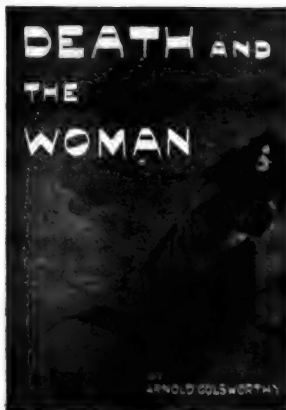
The writer of this article has never had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Sime, but he has in his possession what is considered an excellent photograph of the artist, and he is struck by the strange resemblance between his face and that of another eccentric genius whose name for half a century was in everybody's mouth.

Mr. S. H. Sime has the face of Thomas Carlyle, and the resemblance is not casual, for, to give him his real description, Sime is the Carlyle of art.



He has got the same overbearing forehead, the same deep-set eyes—which can look into futurity—the mouth half mobile, with a strong chin to

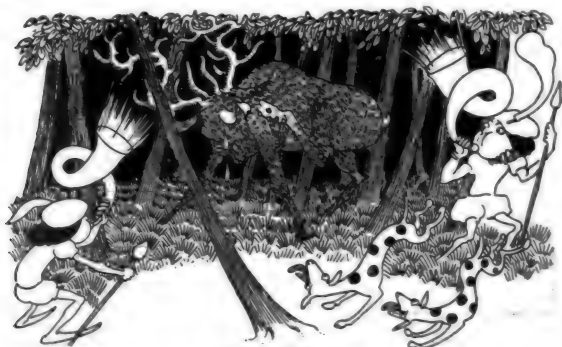
back it up. Had Mr. Sime lived in Carlyle's time and been a resident of Cheyne Row, one could fancy with what delight the old philosopher would have received



A Book Cover.

Mr. Sime's incarnation of his lurid description of what one might call "the indescribable scenes of the French Re-

volution." Carlyle was as eccentric in his use of the English letters as Mr. Sime is in the use of English lines, and when history comes to be written it will probably be found that the author of "Sartor Resartus" is less known to fame than the drawer of "The Mermaid." Some twenty years ago every sixth standard boy, although he could not quote a line of Carlyle's, used to swear by the Chelsea sage, and sneer at Ruskin, because Ruskin always acknowledged (the better word would be pretended) that Carlyle was his master, and now everybody reads Ruskin and Carlyle is—dead. We do not wish to say that Mr. Sime's art will be as transitory as Mr. Carlyle's prose—but one may say that in fifty years hence the artist who has been able to describe the utmost limits of the grotesque will be more studied than the artist in words who tried to change the English language and failed. When it comes to the merely grotesque and what one might call unmeaningness, there is no modern artist that can show what unmeaningness is like Mr. Sime. And yet when one looks at the accompanying drawing of the stag—a bulk, a hump, and all the rest, one



The Stag—His Lament.

These forest shades my spirit chafe—  
I hear the hunters' horns,

I wish I knew a certain, safe  
And speedy cure for corns



The Falcon Flower.  
Drawn by S. H. Sims.



Sal.

begins to believe that Mr. Sime had some notion in his head over and above the mere idea of decorating the entrance hall of a menagerie.

It has been our pleasure in this country, although we have led the way for fifty years or more in the black and white art, that our caricatures have always been good-natured, and instead of emphasising the bad points of a political opponent, we have delighted to show up his good qualities. For instance, which particular Tory in England would have his dreams disturbed by the caricatures of Carruthers Gould in "The Westminster Gazette?" Mr. Sime has often gone into the domain of caricature, and has not only shown himself a master in technique, but a master in conception. The accompanying drawing, which represents Mr. Beerbohm Tree lecturing, is a good example of Mr. Sime's work in his exuberant mood. Mr. Tree has too many hands, and when one looks at it, in the first instance, it seems like a puzzle, but if you take in the contour of the whole figure, and look at the pose of the real hands, the picture is as full of life and nerve as the coils of a cobra.

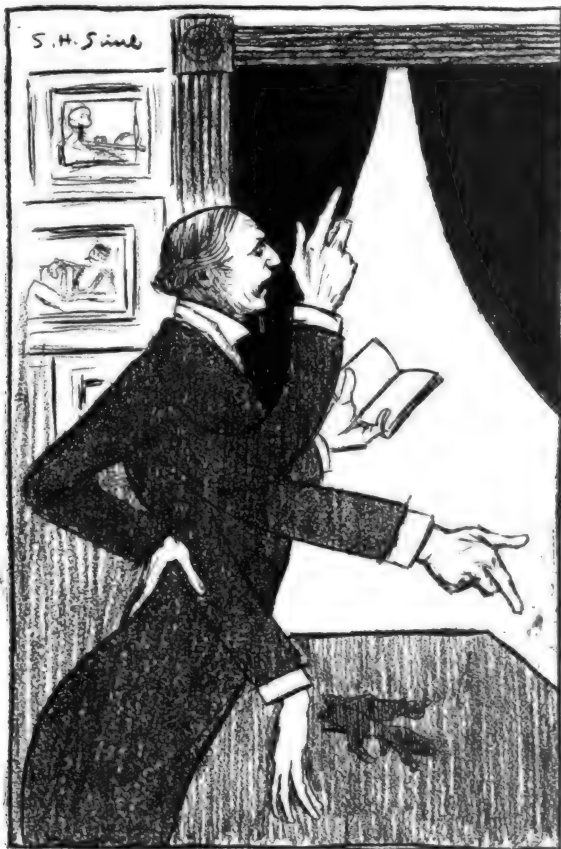
Mr. Sime has himself said that "caricature is in the nature of a sarcastic remark," and he argues that it is never a portrait, but a comment.

As regards the personal matter, Mr. Sime has had a unique experience. Instead of being ashamed, he is proud of the fact that, as a boy, he worked in a colliery, with all the dust and the thousand inconveniences appertaining to the life. He afterwards worked for a linendraper, looking after the things which hung outside the shop. Then came a brief experience with a barber; he did the shaving and young Sime the lathering. After that the artist went in for signwriting, and did so well with it that he started on his own account, and so found sufficient time and energy to join the Liverpool School of Art. After winning a South Kensington Medal, he came up to London, and worked for the halfpenny comic papers, and what he considers was his first drawing was accepted by Raven-Hill for "Pick-me-Up." It seems the irony of commonplace things that the



What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals.

*Shakespeare.*



Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree lecturing.

man who in Yorkshire worked for five years in a coal mine should be editor of what is acknowledged to be one of the best artistic and literary magazines in London.

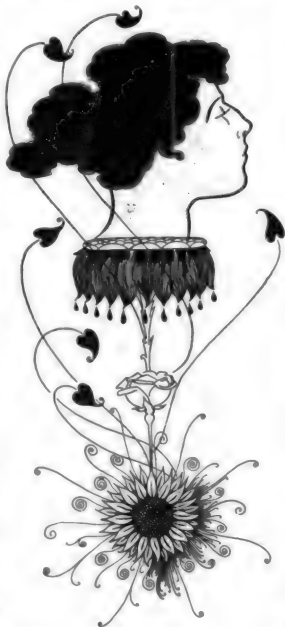
For the moment Mr. Sime's ambition seems to be centred in the well-known monthly "The Idler," of which he is the proprietor, art editor, literary editor, and business manager in one. The magazine is pervaded entirely and utterly by his personality, and if it were only for the many examples of his own peculiar art which each number brings, it must have a fascination for no inconsiderable number of the literary and artistic public.

Like many of his compeers, Mr. Sime is a more prominent figure in Bohemia than in the outside world. A year or two ago, I noticed that the artistic work of Miss M. S. Pickett appeared to be influenced by Sime's art, and her quaint and fantastic drawings attracted my attention. When I learnt that Mr. Sime had married this lady, it seemed to me to be the natural sequence of things. Mr. Sime and his wife live in a flat—like so many other people who are engaged in one or other of the arts—situated in

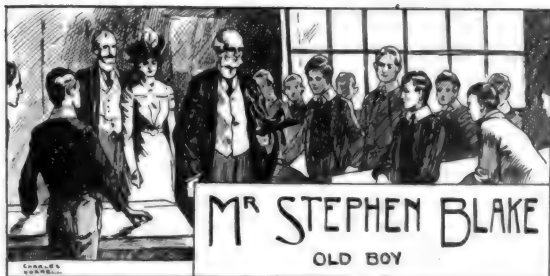
Great Ormond Street, but their real home is on their Scottish estate of Aberfoyle. Mr. Sime is a member of the Langham Sketching Club, and he joined the Society of British Artists at the same time as Mr. Eckhardt and the late Mr. Manuel. His London headquarters are

the Yorick Club, where he may be often found after dinner, discussing in a quiet, but very argumentative voice the topics of the day. A friend of his has told me Sime is inclined to be reticent concerning himself, but ever ready to discuss writers—from Montaigne to Meredith. "I verily believe," he added, "that after half an hour's conversation with him, assuming you were ignorant of his name or his work, you would go away with the impression that you had talked with a man of leisure and a philosopher." He was indicating that Sime's conversation is far removed from what is known as "shoppy," and that he never talks of himself except in reply to a direct question, and has an utter detestation of anything which savours of pretension or cant, and in

saying this I find I have paid an unintentional, though well-deserved compliment to Sime in calling him the Carlyle of Art.







BY W. PETT RIDGE.

A MAN of my age—I shall be twelve in about ten months' time—is not likely to forget the first time that he fell in love, and the eleventh of this month is as clear in my memory now as ever it was. I remember that it was a warm afternoon, and our form was writing essays on "Queen Elizabeth—was she a good Queen?" I hate essays, as do Thornhill and Welling, who sit on either side of me, and beyond the fact that Elizabeth was one of the wives of Henry the Eighth—what a man he was!—we could remember little or nothing about her. Thornhill and I hit upon rather a good idea, and I wrote "There is no doubt that, taking everything into consideration, Elizabeth was a good Queen, and led a good career;" whilst Thornhill wrote "There is no doubt that, taking everything into consideration, Elizabeth was by no means a good Queen, and her career was one open to criticism." Welling, in order that he might not be charged with copying, wrote that "owing to the incomplete records which had been handed down to us it was, at this period of time, difficult to say whether Elizabeth as a Queen had been worthy of admiration or otherwise." Having done this, it seemed to us that one of us at any rate was safe, and Welling went to sleep while Thornhill and I played a furtive game of noughts and crosses. The rest of the form seemed drowsy; Mr. Legge, our master, working up for his degree at London University, was busy at his table. The flies buzzed

on the window panes that looked out on the churchyard. We could hear, faintly, the drowsy old organ trying to bestir itself and to rehearse the "Wedding March." Suddenly there were footsteps in the corridor, and a swish of skirts. Mr. Legge slipped his books into a drawer, and stood up.

"Boys!" he said warningly.

I nudged Welling, and we all aroused ourselves. Through the doorway came first the Headmaster (we call him the Boss) looking very flushed, conducting the most delightful looking girl I had ever seen in the whole course of my existence. She was tall, slim, and she had the pleasantest face under her large hat, with just a touch of thoughtfulness about it. The Boss handed her down the one step into the room, and we stood up. Then came a large pompous man with a red face and a spiked moustache and an aggressive waistcoat, holding in one hand a brand new silk hat, and between the fingers of the other a long half-smoked cigar.

"Boys!" said the Boss, in a flurried, nervous way, "we are greatly honoured to-day by the presence—Won't you sit down, Miss Blake?"

"Thank you," said that delightful creature. She had a quiet voice. "I am not tired." She glanced rather anxiously as she spoke at the elder man, and, taking his silk hat, placed it on the table.

"—By the presence of Mr. Stephen Blake, the well-known financier: of one of the pillars of the great City of London,

one of those, Mr. Legge—have I your attention, Mr. Legge?" Mr. Legge had been gazing admiringly at Miss Blake, and started as he was spoken to. "One of those, Mr. Legge, who by great ability and cautious dexterity have made the name of England respected, honoured, and trusted as a commercial nation. You are no doubt aware that Mr. Stephen Blake was once a pupil of this Academy. I remember him very well: I was then in the position, Mr. Legge—pray favour me with your notice—in the position, Mr. Legge, that you occupy at the present time. He was then a mere lad, seated on the forms that you now occupy, and I recall him to my memory as a thin, eager-faced boy with a wonderful turn for mathematics."

Mr Stephen Blake patted his spiked moustache, laughed in an important deprecatory way, and said: "No, no, nonsense!"

"You'll pardon me," said the Boss, with great firmness, "I must crave permission to repeat my words. A wonderful turn for mathematics. After a time, sir, you left this school, and for a long space we lost sight of you. Then," went on the Boss with great impressiveness, "I began to see in the journals which chronicle with more or less accuracy the news of the day the name of one Mr. Stephen Blake. And I said to myself 'Blake, Blake? Surely I remember that name!' Slowly the assurance came to me that the great man whose projects loomed large in all the financial papers was indeed the small, thin-faced boy to whom I once had the great honour of imparting knowledge, and I fear, at times—er—correction."

Mr. Stephen Blake was much amused at this. He laughed so loudly that the



"I am, if I may say so without presumption, accustomed to the applause of multitudes."

windows overlooking the churchyard trembled.

"Boys, Mr. Blake is doing us the high favour of paying us a visit to-day. Need I say how grateful we are for this, and need I say how much he has added to this graciousness by bringing with him his charming daughter, whose face is—er—like the sunshine in our dull old school?"

For the first time we cheered. I led the other boys, and I think she noticed this, for she smiled at me specially in bowing acknowledgment. I got as red in the face as a turkey cock.

"Boys!" said the Boss, "I have finished. Mr. Stephen Blake will now

address you: give him a hearty welcome. (Mr. Legge, see that the boys give our honoured guest a hearty welcome)."

Mr. Legge hurried down the side of the forms urging us all to enthusiasm, and, standing at the back, kicked the boarding to add volume to the applause. Mr. Stephen Blake stepped forward. His daughter took a chair now, and, leaning forward slightly, watched him with interest and reverence as he spoke to us. Someone had passed the word along that there would surely be a day's holiday over the affair, and we were all ex-

cited. The smaller boys at the back stood on forms to miss nothing of the scene: the rest of us looked anxiously at the stout red-faced man who was on the raised platform. He waited until the cheering had finished, and then pulled at his yellow waistcoat.

"Gentlemen," he said loudly. "On behalf of my dear daughter"—he turned and touched her shoulder affectionately—"and myself, accept my thanks for your reception. I am a public man, and in my small way I suppose what you may call a political person."

The Boss said "Hear, hear," very feelingly.

"—And I am, if I may say so without presumption, accustomed to the applause of multitudes. Only last week I addressed an audience of some five thousand souls on the subject of 'Thrift,' and I held their attention for—was it an hour and a half, my dear, or an hour and three-quarters?"

"An hour and a half, father," she said quietly. The sweetest voice you ever heard!

"For an hour and a half, and that, as you may guess, was no mean task. But I confess that the difficulty of addressing the forty young men before me now is greater, far greater, than any I have for some time experienced. Nevertheless, as I am a man accustomed to encounter difficulties, and, as I may add," here his yellow waistcoat seemed to swell, "to overcome difficulties, I shall try to give you lads a few words of advice and of counsel for the future."

"Good!" said the Boss approvingly.



Two of them were broad-shouldered men in silk hats.

"As I look at you I cannot help sending my mind back some thirty years to a time when I, too, as your excellent Headmaster has told you, was a lad seated upon those benches, wondering vaguely, in the intervals of—er—not learning my lessons," he beamed largely and we all laughed, "wondering what my future would be like. Some of my contemporaries I have seen to-day. For the most part they have become Kentish farmers of a not very successful pattern, dull of mind if sound of body. Their speech has no accent of what I may, without offence I hope, term culture: their manners are not those, I venture to say, that obtain in any West End drawing-room."

I was watching her carefully, and I noticed that her pretty face gave a faint wince whenever her father made a blunder in speech. But this only seemed to emphasise her genuine and obvious admiration.

"I lived with my poor old mother in a little house away over there near the Park, and she paid two and ninepence a week for rent, and saved every penny she could to pay for my schooling here. To-day she, I regret to say, sleeps in the churchyard just below the windows, and it will be my duty when I leave you to pay a visit of respect—me and my daughter—to her grave. It's what we must all come to, rich *or* poor, male *or* female."

"Hear!" said the Boss very feelingly.

"I can remember when I was a boy at this school that someone came down from London once to give us lads good advice. He told us to work for the good of the country at large, to respect the feelings of others, to give liberally, to be gentle to our fellows, to exert ourselves to make other people happy."

We cheered because we thought that he expected it. Besides the Boss gave the signal.

"Ah but," went on Mr. Stephen Blake, raising a fat fore-finger, "he was wrong! He was in error! He wasn't in it! If I'd acted on the principles that that old gentleman laid down I should never have made money; I should never have become the public character I am; I should

have no title to be addressing you this afternoon. It is by studiously avoiding all these precepts that I am *what* I am. Small as I was then, I was what may be termed an acute sort of lad. It didn't take me long to find out that if I wanted to get on in the world the leading principle was 'Self.' That was the main principle that I acted on. Self first, I always say, Self second, and turn round once and then Self again." He repeated this with emphasis because he noticed that the Boss was looking away rather intently at the windows. "You won't find that at the head of your copybooks, but it ought, all the same, to be printed in every schoolroom in letters of gold. By ignoring the feelings of others, by not wasting my money, when I made it, on other people; by always inventing, night *and* day, ingenious plans for getting the best of everybody, I've come to the proud position that I occupy to-day." The Boss coughed gently. "Believe me or not, boys, just as you like, but that's the truth, and there's no getting away from it. On the other hand, you begin to put in practice some of these platitudes what are offered you by well-meaning but mistaken persons with no real experience in the world, and you'll come a cropper, my lads, and it'll serve you right. Mind you, I'm not blaming them that tells you different. They do it from, I dessay, the best of motives, but the fact of the whole matter is, they don't know. I *do*! That's just the difference. I've had my way to make in the world, and I haven't kept me hands in a muff, or done it by begging people's pardon. People say nasty things about me sometimes. They say I am brusque in my manners; they say I am reckless in my acts; a blackguard paper the other day called me unscrupulous. Do you think I care? Not a bit of it!" His red face became almost purple with passion. "Not a bit of it! When I hear nasty little snacks like that I simply turn to my bank pass-book and I look at the total, and I say to myself, 'Stephen Blake, you're all right. You keep straight on, and don't you care for anybody.'"

He pulled at his cigar, which had gone out, and then threw it in the corner.

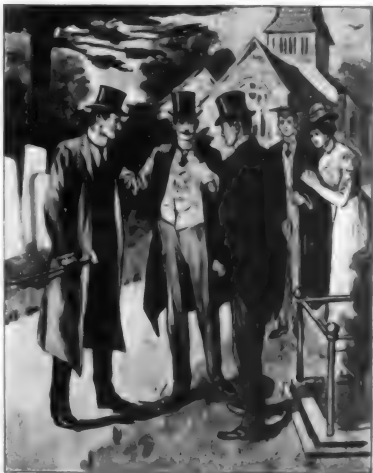
Several of the boys made a note of its position.

"Moreover," he went on aggressively, "the man who turns his cheek to the smiter sort-o'-thing is never respected in this world. The man who studies the comforts and the pockets of other people is looked upon as an amiable idiot. The man who sacrifices himself for the sake of his fellow men is openly derided. Mind you," he wagged his fat finger at us and stepped forward in a confidential manner, "mind you I'm not saying that all this is as it should be. If this was a perfect world, it would be otherwise. But it's *not* a perfect world, and we have to take it as we find it, and my last words to you boys, are words that I trust you'll engrave on your memory and keep there always. Look after yourself, and let other people go to"—He stopped himself suddenly. "To their own destinies," he said. He took from his waistcoat pocket his valuable watch. "Time presses," he said, resuming his oratorical manner, "and I must say no more. From the stress and turmoil of London life, I have snatched a day's rest; a day which at the request of my dear daughter has been spent in the Kentish village that was my birthplace. I shall ask my friend, your Headmaster, to allow me to leave something tangible in the shape of money prizes—"

More applause from us at the signal of the Boss, now more at his ease.

"—And to say how I hope you'll all get on in the world like I have. You may not all arrive at a position like mine, but you can all try. Boys, good luck to you!"

We gave three cheers for Mr. Stephen Blake, and then I called out, "Three cheers for Miss Blake," and the roof nearly came off. She smiled very



"Have to warn you, sir, that anything you say at the present time may be used against you in evidence."

charmingly, and took her father's arm. Mr. Legge rushed to the door to open it: she shook hands with him, and it strikes me Legge would have willingly given up all chances of a B.A. at London University to have kissed her glove.

There was no more work that afternoon, and the conduct of Queen Elizabeth had no further attention. Instead, we all stood at the long open windows which look out on the churchyard below and waited until the party came out of the Boss's house, and paid their visit to the grave, which had a small wooden cross at its head. A London train came in at the station, and we watched the few people who arrived. Two of them were broad-shouldered men in silk hats, who, after a brief chat with the stationmaster, made their way up the short hill in the direction of the school-

house. We boys knew every resident of the village by sight, and these two men in silk hats were strangers. When they came to the wicket gate of the churchyard they stopped there, and one of them lighted a cigarette: the other took off his silk hat and fanned himself with it. They both looked across the graves as the party from the school-house came. By craning our necks out of the long window we could see Mr. Stephen Blake and his daughter and the Boss; the air was so still that we could hear them talking below. Mr. Blake's voice was indeed the kind of voice for the open-air: in a room it was too large; and every word that he said came up distinctly; when *she* spoke—I could only just see her—it was difficult to hear because her voice was low. When I am older I shall take care that the girl I marry has a quiet voice like Miss Blake's.

"Now this is very annoying," we heard him say "Here's my poor mother's grave absolutely neglected. Why is this now? They must have known quite well that they had only to send me a line, and I'd have posted off a cheque by return of post. I never stint over a matter of this kind. What's fifty or a hundred pounds to me, eh?"

The Boss made some remark.

"Exactly, my dear sir. As you say—a mere bagatelle. Now, my dear, you must remind me directly we get back to town, to send for a man and have drawings made for a suitable place here. We'll have a family vault kind of arrangement so that when my time comes—"

She touched his arm gently and spoke to him.

"Yes, yes, my dear, I know, I know. Same time one's never sure what may 'appen, and it's just as well not to leave everything to the last. We'll have something set up like Lady Marden's place over there, only it shall be more sumptuous. See what I mean?"

His daughter had had some flowers in her hand, and these she placed quietly at the head of the small green mound. He did not pay any attention to this, but went on talking to the Boss in his loud, bustling, dogmatic way.

"One of them stained glass windows for the church wouldn't look bad, would it? With a notice underneath saying who'd given it. Nothing ostentatious, you know, but at the same time striking, so that people shall notice it. Let some of 'em see what Stephen Blake who used to play chevy chase on the hill has rose up to."

The Boss remarked that this would be an incentive to other lads.

"Exactly. That's what I mean it to be. I'll get it mentioned in the papers when I get back to town. They're always ready to put in a bit about me; sometimes I wish they wasn't. What a'you make the time, my dear?"

She replied, looking at her watch, that but twenty minutes remained to catch the next train to London.

"Then," said Mr. Stephen Blake importantly, "we must be bustling along. Three engagements we've got this evening! all of 'em at swell places. I fancy," he laughed boisterously, "I fancy I get invited for the sake of my daughter. What?"

The Boss remarked that he would do himself the pleasure of accompanying them to the station. They moved away from the grave, but first Miss Blake took a leaf from the short laurel shrub growing near. As they started Thornhill nudged me to watch the two men in silk hats who were also moving. They walked smartly towards Mr. Stephen Blake, and when they met him they stood on either side of him.

"Pardon me, sir," said one of the men, "Mr. Stephen Blake I believe?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Blake effusively, "more old school-fellows, I suppose. Sorry to say I can't recall your names!"

"My name," said the first man, "is Mackworth, my friend's name is Laing."

"Strangers, surely," remarked the Boss.

"We're detectives belonging to the City Police in Old Jewry, and we hold a warrant," the first man produced from his pocket a folded slip of blue paper, "for the arrest of Mr. Stephen Blake."

"Father, dear," she cried. The other detective took his arm.

"Have to warn you, sir, that anything

you say at the present time may be used against you in evidence."

"What is the charge?" he asked in a low voice.

"I'll read the warrant, sir," said the detective agreeably, placing one foot on the iron railings of a grave and clearing his throat. We could not catch all the words, but some of them came to our ears. "Fraudulently misrepresenting. Intent to deceive. Falsely swearing."

"Father, dear," said his daughter, "we will all go back together. You can explain everything to these gentlemen in the train."

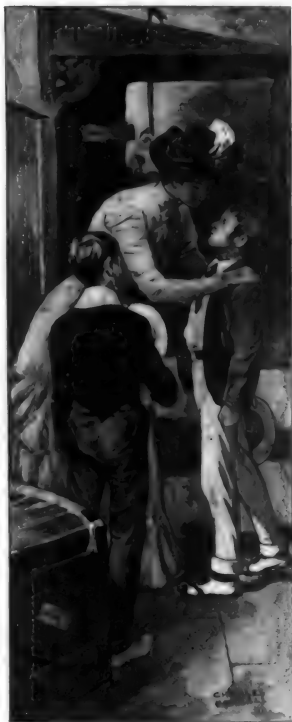
"Yes," he said stupidly, "explain everything. In the train."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Blake," began the Boss elaborately, "that this little *contre-temps* should have thrown a cloud, however

slight, over the visit of yourself and your charming daughter, and I trust—"

"Come," said Stephen Blake to the officers feebly. "One of you must give me an arm."

They went across the churchyard and down the hill to the station. School was over five minutes later, and as soon



"If you please, Miss Blake, we're awfully sorry for you."

as Mr. Legge had dismissed us, Thornhill and I scampered down like mad to the station in order to see her once more. The train was coming in as we arrived, and she, very white of face, was waiting alone on the platform. We lifted our caps and went up to her.

"If you please, Miss Blake," I said, panting, "we're awfully sorry for you."

For the first time the tears came to her eyes. She bent and kissed us both. A cheeky young beggar of an office boy, who has always been our enemy, was looking on from the window of the station, and we scarcely knew whether to be pleased or annoyed. She tried to say something to us, but she could not. The train ran in, and I opened a carriage door for her; but as I did

so, the two officers brought Mr. Stephen Blake, limp and helpless, from the small waiting-room, assisted him into an empty compartment, and the stationmaster locked them in. The train started, and we saw her pale face and wet eyes looking wistfully at us.

Then a fortunate thing happened.

The office boy, as we were going away, depressed and silent, shouted after us, "Who kissed the gal?" Whereupon Thornhill took my satchel and I went back and gave that impudent little brass-buttoned beggar the best punching he had ever had in all the days of his

life. It was a good thing for us, for after it my eye wanted some attention, and distracted our thoughts, and gave us something fresh to talk about.

All the same I find myself thinking now a good deal of her.



## BIDE A WEE AND DINNA FRET.

Is the road very dreary,  
 Patience yet  
 Rest will be sweet if thou art aweary,  
 And after night cometh the morning cheery!  
 Then bide a wee and dinna fret.

The clouds have silver lining,  
 Don't forget.  
 And tho' he's hidden still the sun is shining,  
 Courage instead of tears or vain repining;  
 Then bide a wee and dinna fret.

When toil and cares unending  
 Are beset,  
 Bethink thee how the storms from heaven descending  
 Snap the stiff oak, but spare the willow bending;  
 Then bide a wee and dinna fret.

Grief sharper stings doth borrow  
 From regret;  
 But yesterday is gone and shall its sorrow  
 Unfit us for the present and to-morrow?  
 Nay, bide a wee and dinna fret.

H. T.





"QUEEN to play, and mate in three moves!" I whispered to Sir Charles Fellowes, my host.

We were in the smoking-room, looking on at a most interesting game of chess played between two members of a large house-party that Sir Charles, Ex-Ambassador of St. Petersburg, was entertaining. My remark had a strange effect on Sir Charles. He gave a visible start, and the expression on his face was one that led me to suppose my words had awakened some unpleasant memories.

"Strange, you should say that," he said after a pause, shaping his iron-grey moustache with his long, nervous-looking fingers, "for I had the words on the tip of my tongue. They recall a crisis in my diplomatic career, which I shall never forget. It is said that everyone, some time or other, is confronted with a grave situation. I met mine at the commencement of my life."

"Check!" called out one of the players.

Sir Charles started again, then lapsed into silence.

In a few minutes the game was over,

and the two players joined our group by the fire.

"Very good play!" commented Sir Charles, "and I congratulate the winner. I was just saying to my friend here—nodding towards me—that a game of chess always sets me thinking of an incident in my Ambassadorial career."

"Let us hear the story!" we chorussed. Sir Charles gravely nodded, lit a cigar, and commenced:

"I have always regarded the lives of Diplomats and Ambassadors as being one big game of chess, but they play with real Kings, Queens, Knights, and Pawns. By the latter, I mean the thousand and one minor people who revolve round the centre; but all help to play a part in the great drama of life. Most people think that the lives of Ambassadors and Diplomats run on a pretty even tenure. This is not so. The responsibilities thrown upon the shoulders of Government representatives are often very heavy. The greatest tact, shrewdness and forethought must be shown when dealing with Kings and Queens—aye! and Pawns, too.

"It was in the fifties that I was appointed British Ambassador at St. Petersburg. My position, I need hardly say, brought me in contact with men and women of the highest social standing, but none were more fascinating to me than Princess Dravotchsky, a charming little brunette with whom every man fell in love as a matter of course."

"And you were no exception?" I queried.

"I fell head over heels in love the first time I set eyes on her," admitted Sir Charles. "You see I was very young and foolish; being as susceptible as most men," he added.

"I had just been waltzing with Princess Dravotchsky at a very brilliant ball, when she asked me to take her into the conservatory. Imagine my distress and surprise when we were seated, to see her burst out into a torrent of weeping. Never before had I realised how sweetly bitter tears could be. In vain I tried to soothe her; in vain I expostulated and strove to learn the cause of her grief. Between her sobs, she managed to make me understand that she was very unhappy. The situation was an embarrassing one. At any moment the conservatory might have been full of people, and a scene would inevitably have ensued. But there are limits even to a woman's grief. Calming herself, she begged me to accompany her home at once. Need I say that such an opportunity for declaring my love was not lost by me, and I joyfully consented. Even Ambassadors are very human!"

"We slipped out unseen by a back way, and ordering her carriage, together we drove homewards. She told me she was about to be forced into a marriage which was utterly distasteful to her. Imploring my intervention and help, she again gave way to her grief. The bare idea of so fair a girl being tied to a man whom she held in such aversion, repelled me. In another moment I had declared my love, and that if she would make me the happiest of men, she need have no fear of a distasteful alliance. Before the drive was over I had won the Princess. She consented to be my wife.

"When we reached her house, she had

completely regained her self-possession, was very happy and very bright. She was to call at the Embassy the following afternoon. As I said 'Good-bye,' she whispered very shyly: 'Now it's queen to play, and then—then mate in three moves!'

"I said something about her being my queen, or some such triviality, adding that there was only one move so far as I was concerned, and that was to get married. Then I left her, being driven back to the ball-room in her carriage. I explained to her chaperon that I had been dancing with the Princess—she had pleaded indisposition, so I had driven home with her. I expressed a hope to her chaperon that I should be allowed to accompany her back. She readily consented.

"As I was crossing the ball-room, I saw a handsome young Russian drop a programme. I picked it up, and was about to give it to him, when my eye fell on a hastily scribbled pencil note at the bottom. It read: 'Queen to play: mate in three moves.' At the same moment the owner turned round, and I handed him his programme. He thanked me courteously, and after exchanging a few pleasantries, we parted.

"I was puzzled. I argued with myself that it was a mere coincidence, but circumstances seemed to point otherwise. Then I remembered that I was in a country where plots and counter-plots ran riot, being worked by the most skilful scoundrels in the world.

"Well, gentlemen, to tell you the truth, the words—'Queen to play, and mate in three moves' got so rooted in my brain that I could think of nothing else. I had come to the conclusion that they were of evil purport. I would not, I dared not think who might possibly know the meaning. I banished the Princess from my mind. Instead, the handsome face and figure of the young Russian—the Duke de Pettskoff by name—was ever before me. The rest of my evening's enjoyment was entirely marred. I was relieved when I learnt the Princess's chaperon claimed me to accompany her home. I spoke but little. All the time the footsteps of the horses

seemed to say—  
'Queen—to play—  
and mate—in—  
three moves;  
Queen—to play  
—and mate—in—  
three moves.'

"My duties next morning kept me busily engaged at the Embassy. We were working at high pressure then, for the Crimean War was threatening. I received despatches from England of the utmost secrecy and importance. I never let them out of my own private room.

"I waded through my heap of correspondence, and, with the assistance of my secretary, completed my duties by three o'clock. Then I divided my attention between a most important despatch from the War Office and a cigar. Hardly had I settled down, when my man entered and announced Princess Dravotchsky. She swept into the room with a queenly air, her face radiant with love and happiness. Directly she entered, all fears and doubts left me. No man could have been more completely fascinated than I, or more in love. She rattled on in the merriest strains about anything that would amuse me. She pleaded so prettily for my intervention in her marriage, which her people wished to hurry on, that I promised I would go to her father to plead my own cause, whereat she was perfectly satisfied. When she brought out her cigarettes, took one herself, offered me one, and lit it, I felt as happy

VOL. X, NEW SERIES.—AUGUST, 1900.



"We slipped out unseen by a back way."

as a man could be. I can see her now, sitting opposite me, with her bright young face aglow with youth and health. She had just asked me to hand her that 'horrid old war paper,' as she called the document from the War Office, when I inhaled a great cloud of smoke into my lungs. I knew nothing more until I regained consciousness an hour later.

"I was alone in the room. At first I could not recollect where I was. I felt dazed and stupid. Then it suddenly swept across me that I was the centre of a foul conspiracy. The Princess had drugged me by means of a cigarette. She was probably in the employ of the Russian Secret Service, was an old hand

at the game, and every card she played would prove trumps!

"These were the hurried thoughts that crossed my excited brain as the horrible truth forced itself upon me. Then I made the dread discovery that the document from the War Office had gone! It contained a brief outline of our troops' intended manoeuvres in the Crimea. The whole of the carefully prepared scheme lay bare before my eyes. The Princess was in league with the Duke de Pettskoff—she was the 'Queen' and had pencilled the note on Pettskoff's programme. I recollected having seen her dancing with him. Now she had played—aye! the very devil, too. There were two more moves, and I thought I saw them. As I lived, I vowed they should never come about.

"A great shock to the nerves is often followed by a strange, unnatural calm. This was the case with me. In a moment I had gained complete self-possession. I saw how I should act, and act at once. I summoned my secretary:

"Did you see Princess Dravotchsky leave the Embassy this afternoon?" I asked him.

"Yes, your Excellency."

"How long ago?"

"About an hour."

"Nothing in her demeanour that attracted your notice?"

"Absolutely nothing, your Excellency."

"Do you know where the Duke de Pettskoff lives?"

"Yes."

"And the Princess?"

"Yes, your Excellency."

"Then write what I tell you. Use half a sheet of plain paper. Ask no questions; know nothing of what you are doing: it is a matter of life and death. Copy that writing as well as you can—I placed before him an old letter of the Princess's—it is not difficult to imitate. Now begin: 'King to play—mate in two moves. See me to-night at home.' That is all. Append no name, date, nor residence. Put it into Russian, and see that the Duke de Pettskoff gets it as soon as possible. You are not to deliver the note yourself, but give it

to one of the servants. Insist on his waiting for an answer. Follow him all the way. Never for an instant let him out of your sight. Now, go!"

"Gentlemen, that hour's waiting for my secretary's return was the longest hour I have ever known. I had played a bold game. If the Duke answered, I knew their pass-word; if not, nobody would be any the wiser, but I should have lost valuable time."

"It was worthy of a British Diplomatist," I remarked.

Sir Charles gravely bowed his head and continued:

"On his return, my secretary quietly entered my room. He bore an envelope in his hand. I opened it hurriedly, my heart thumping like a sledge-hammer. This is what I read: 'Queen to play—mate in one move. See you ten, to-night!' She had played her first move—she had stolen the document. The Duke had played his move—he thought no one had discovered the theft, and he was going to see her. It left me the last move. What was it to be, I wondered.

"Never before or since have I felt such a thrill of excitement as I felt then.

"Order my carriage for 9.30,' I said to my secretary. 'You are to accompany me to Princess Dravotchsky's. Bring a loaded revolver. Don't be surprised at anything I may say, or anything I may do. More depends upon your silence than you dare think. Be ready to come with me at 9.30. Now, not a word to anyone!"

"Then I was once more alone, turning over in my mind the possibilities of a check to my plans. A false move on my part would have meant disaster to England. A miscalculation spelt defeat for our brave soldiers. I sat down to quietly think over my plan of campaign. If I failed, there was nothing for it but to send in my resignation. No hands of any clock moved so slow as that night. As the hour of departure gradually approached, my nerves were at as high a tension as they could possibly have been.

"The carriage is waiting, your Excellency,' my secretary announced, entering the room when I was deep in thought.

I hastily scribbled a pencilled note as follows:—'Queen to play—mate in one' towards the Princess's home, with my secretary.



"'Spare the Duke's life—only his life!' she cried out."

move,' placed it in an envelope, and a few minutes later was bowling along "It was a quarter to ten when the servant opened the front door.

"Take this to the Princess," I said to the man, handing him the envelope, 'and ask if she will see me.'

"In a few moments he returned, requesting me and my secretary to follow him. I had by Providence hit on the pass-word!

"Should anyone wish to see us and the Princess, show them up; they are friends," I whispered to the servant, as he opened the door.

"The Princess was busy writing at the far end of the room. It was not until I had closed the door, and said: 'Queen to play—mate in one move' that she started and turned round. Then there swept over her face such a look of fear as I had never before seen equalled.

"The game is up!" I cried, running forward. 'Death as a Secret Service spy, or deliver up that document you stole from me this afternoon. Your country will show you no mercy; your Government will not own you; they will deny you. They will say—'We do not know the woman, treat her as she deserves.'

"She looked like a beautiful tigress at bay. For a moment she stood with flashing eyes and heaving bosom; then she broke out into a torrent of abuse, lashing me with words of hate and bitter sarcasm. Suddenly a clear, magnificent voice rang out, which told that its possessor was born to rule, and to be obeyed. It said: 'Silence! The tongue of that woman is worse than the sting of a scorpion!'

"The Princess ceased her scathing abuse, and I turned hurriedly round. There, in the shadow of the room, stood Nicholas I., the Czar of all the Russias, and by him was the Duke de Pettskoff!

"Sire," I said, 'the Princess has in her possession a document which she stole from me this afternoon. Either your Majesty must make her give it up, or I send in my resignation, at the same time declaring your Majesty was mixed up in an affair which would cast a blot on your throne that could never be effaced. The whole civilised world would cry shame. My secretary is my witness.'

"A dark shadow played across the Czar's face.

"That document from the English War Office, or your exposure!" I said again.

"I know nothing of this woman," replied the Czar.

"Princess," I said, 'your own ruler denies you. It is death for you and the Duke de Pettskoff.'

"For answer, the Princess flung herself between me and the Czar. Letting down her lovely hair, she shook out the dark tresses, in which was concealed the stolen document. It was screwed up into small pieces; they showered upon the floor.

"Spare the Duke's life—only his life," she cried out. 'Do with me what you will, but give me his life!'

"Never before had I heard such pleading, nor seen a woman look more lovely in her agony of fear and grief. Then I knew that she loved the Duke, and a great pity took hold of me which prompted me to save him.

"Your Majesty must give me your word of honour that you do not know the contents of the stolen document," I said, turning towards him.

"The Czar, on his oath, answered in the negative.

"I must extract the same promise from the Duke!"

"The Duke also swore his ignorance.

"Then I give you my word of honour that your Majesty's connection with the affair shall be kept a secret!"

"The Czar gave me his hand, and said, 'Had I but such men as you in my Government, my life would be in safe keeping. You English are a strange race. There is honour among you; we know not what it is in Russia!'

"There were tears and despair in his voice.

"I thank your Majesty for your gracious words," I responded. 'Neither your Highness nor your great people can ever know how deeply our gracious Queen is beloved and revered. Honour to whom honour is due, sire!'

"There was a pause—one of those pauses which mark the turning point in a career. It was mine.

"Whenever you are in want of a friend, come to Nicholas I.," said the

Czar, breaking the silence. 'He has done with secret plots.' He will not try treachery again!

"I thank your Highness," I replied simply.

"I bowed to the Princess: 'I shall be compelled to have you detained at Her Majesty's pleasure, Madam. I will do my utmost to see you are leniently dealt with. You must come back with me and my secretary to-night!'

"I had checkmated my opponent; her plan to place the documents in the Czar's hands had failed. The Czar and the Duke moved towards the door.

"Sir," he said to me, 'you and I are on our honour!'

"In another moment he was gone.

"Half-an-hour later the Princess was given in charge of the police, but how changed she was from that woman of a few hours back!

"Shortly after this, war was declared, and, sending in my papers, I returned to

England. I explained as much as was necessary to our Government. The Queen, on hearing of the affair, with her gracious kindness, intervened and obtained for the Princess a free pardon after the war was over. The real truth never leaked out. The Czar was as good as his word, and proved a staunch friend. I think it is partly owing to his high opinion of me that I have attained my position in diplomatic life.

"Shortly after this affair England's glory was heightened by the victories at Alma, Inkerman, Sevastapol, and the famous charge of Balaclava. I shudder to think what might not have happened, had not Providence guided me to write 'King to play—and mate in two moves.'"

"And the Princess?" we queried.

"She was married to the Duke, but I never saw her again. Now, you know why I am a bachelor," and a shade of sadness passed over our host's face.

## LE RÉVEIL.

TO EILEEN (ÆTATIS SUÆ XVI).

Good-bye, good-bye, divinely tender years,  
Whose coy, delicious days enfold a tale,  
Beside which wond'rous Bardic songs would pale;  
The maiden knell it is that fans those fears  
To toll life's tocsin with its trembling sighs,  
While waking woman peeps from out those eyes.

C. H.-W.

## A DEALER IN DEATH.

BY COLSTON MOORE.



Mr. Maxim at  
eighteen.

THERE is perhaps no more interesting man in London at the present time—not even excluding war heroes—than Mr. Hiram S. Maxim. For the matter of that, Mr. Maxim is a hero of the war, *the* hero of the war. For have not his mechanisms of death oftentimes proved the ruling factor in the many engagements—but all in good time, and, like a good story-teller, I must start at the beginning.

I realised fully that the readers of THE LUDGATE would expect much of me when I bearded this remarkably docile and good-natured lion in his den. Lionised he is indeed, which accounts for almost his first words to me: "From nine o'clock of one morning to one o'clock of the next I am always busy, with never a moment to spare." Nevertheless, Mr. Maxim was able to afford a few minutes to give some details of his inventions, and—none the less important—of himself.

There may not seem much connection between coach-building and gun-making, but it is a fact that Mr. Hiram Maxim began his business life as an ap-

prentice to a coach-builder. This was not a profession of his own choosing, as evidences the fact that six months had not elapsed ere he decamped, and engaged himself as a common machine hand to some big works in Fitchburg, U.S.A. With his marvellous brain he soon became an expert in his business, and broadened out his path of usefulness by studying mechanical drawing. Needless to say, in this, as in all the work whereto he has set his hand,

Mr. Maxim was successful, in fact, he became an expert, and even now, in spite of his sixty years of hard toiling, he can still give points to many highly paid men in his employ.

An important



At forty-five.



At fifty-eight.



At sixty.



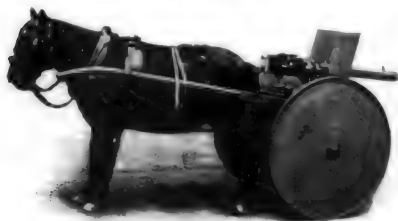
feature in Mr. Maxim's career was his going to Boston, and his subsequent employment in the shops of The Novelty Iron-works Steamship Building Company of New York. It is with wonderful inventions that Mr. Maxim's name is coupled, and shortly after his appearance in Boston specifications of his first invention were filed. What was Mr. Maxim's first invention? I suppose everybody has heard of the mouse trap that claims this honour, so I shall not dilate on its merits, nor on the merits of a certain bicycle that he built when quite a youngster, and which aforesaid cycle was the cause of much trouble in the vicinity of its peregrinations; but really the first important invention was an automatic gas

when I happened to be playing about with an ordinary military musket, I was very greatly surprised at the strength of the recoil. The energy of this recoil was all wasted, and, to me, it seemed absurd that such should be the case. And so I set to work, and found that this energy could be used to reload the gun with the necessary ammunition. In the South Kensington Museum is the model of the earliest 'Maxim,' and it bears a label to the effect: 'This apparatus loads and fires itself by force of its own recoil, and is the first machine ever made in which energy from the burning powder is employed for loading and firing the arm.'

"Your invention caused great excitement at the time, did it not?"

"Excitement! Why, yes, everybody almost, from the Prince of Wales downwards, came to see me about it. In fact, I had to use over two hundred thousand rounds of ammunition simply explaining the gun to visitors. At first, as you may well believe, no one would credit my statements. As a matter of real truth, no one quite understood the real significance of my invention.

"When it was first rumoured in the English newspapers that an American engineer had successfully made a gun which would actually load and fire itself by energy derived solely from the burning powder, everyone was incredulous. But the gun had really been made, and was on exhibition before any announcement of this kind took place. The little workshop where this new gun was constructed was situated in Hatton Garden, and when it was fully realised that such a weapon had been made all the 'notables' of London flocked to Hatton Garden to see the wonderful arm and fire it. Those who were skilled in the manufacture of guns, and in naval and military tactics, regarded this novel piece of artillery as



The first Maxim ever devised. It had quaint shield-like wheels.

machine, a machine widely used in the land of his birth—the Almighty States. Mr. Maxim's work in the regions of electricity has been really stupendous, but wonderful indeed as his investigations were in this quarter they are not what render him the popular personage he now is. The inventions which have achieved undying fame for the name of Hiram S. Maxim were brought to light in 1881 and 1882. The designs of the famous firing and self-loading gun were then first committed to paper, and, if I remember rightly, it was in 1883 that the first "Maxim" was made.

"How did you come to invent this wonderful contrivance?" I ventured.

"Well, you see, it was like this," replied Mr. Maxim. "A long time ago,

a complete departure, and it was said at the time by those best able to judge that it could not fail to open a completely fresh epoch in the manufacture of arms. The simplicity and rapidity of fire, together with the great lightness of the arm, and, more than all, its automatic action, gave it so many advantages that it soon became apparent that it must inevitably take the place of every other form of machine gun. And this has been borne out by subsequent events."

We have long heard of the Maxim Gun in our little wars. We often read how the natives have been mown down like grass before its hailstorm of bullets. In the present war, however, notwithstanding that the small automatic gun has been very much in evidence, it is the "Pom-Pom" which has proved to be the artillery surprise. The so-called "Pom-Pom" is nothing more nor less than a Vickers-Maxim 1-pounder, using cast iron projectiles, each of which is provided with a percussion fuse and an exploding charge. These guns are identical with the original Maxim except as regards size. The ordinary Maxim uses rifle ammunition, and, of course, is too small to use explosive shell. The "Pom-Pom," however, may, as I have already implied, really be considered as a piece of artillery. The advantage of these large projectiles is that they explode upon striking, and produce a cloud of smoke and dust which is easily discernible. This enables the gunner to see exactly where his projectiles are striking, which is not possible with small guns using rifle ammunition.

During the present war in South Africa there have been several cases



At the closing of Wimbledon Range in 1888, H.R.H. fired a "Maxim" under the inventor's auspices and was photographed in the act.

where a battery of artillery has been put out of action by a single one of these "Pom-Poms." And in some cases batteries of six small Maxim guns have been put out of action by one of the large guns. The Boers purchased a few, which were originally intended for the Italian Government, several years ago, and then established a little factory of their own where the "Pom-Poms" were made.

At the beginning of the war, the British were not supplied with "Pom-Poms," but their destructive properties in the hands of the Boers soon made themselves manifest, and the War Office was not long in purchasing all of these guns that were made or could be made in the time, and also vast quantities of ammunition.

Most inventions come up step by step, but the automatic gun seems to have been an exception, for no one had ever

made an automatic gun at the time Mr. Maxim commenced his experiments at Hatton Garden. So that in this case the original inventor was not only the first to produce automatic guns, but was also the first to manufacture them on a commercial scale and introduce them into the Service. It was many years after the Maxim advent before any other gun-making concern even attempted to make an automatic gun. At the present time, now that smokeless powder has become common, several automatic guns have made their appearance, all worked by the gases, it being remembered that the early Maxim guns all worked by the recoil of the barrel. Mr. Maxim was, however, the first to patent a gas-operated gun, and he made hundreds of these guns before anyone else essayed to do so, and, even at the present moment, the gas-operated guns made by Vickers, Sons and Maxim are much superior to any of the imitations which have since made their appearance.

"I believe it stands to our credit as a nation that we were the first to order a 'Maxim' of you?"

"Yes," observed the Father of Guns, "that is the truth. The English Government were the first to give me an order. The order specified a gun that would not weigh over a hundred pounds and

would fire four hundred rounds a minute. I supplied one that weighed forty pounds and fired two thousand rounds in three minutes."

If it had not been for Mr. Maxim's imaginativeness (genius I venture to call it) his brilliant invention might have failed, as Lord Wolseley suggested, on account of the clouds of smoke emitted, or rather generated, on the firing of the gun. This had to be remedied, and so very soon after, that wonder of wonders, almost vying with the gun itself for honours, smokeless powder, was produced. This powder was made by a special combination of nitro-glycerine and gun cotton, and it speaks well for Mr. Maxim that although men more learned in the chemical nature of the affairs concerned were competing, striving hard to be the first to file particulars for letters patent, he brought the fruit of his labours to the Patent Office fourteen days before anybody else.

Whilst on the subject of smokeless powder, I must call attention to a very serious point in Mr. Maxim's life. Such an important invention could not help but arouse the ire of many a man who had been working in the same direction, and it is not to be wondered at that his patent was challenged as to its validity. Many people claimed priority in

patent rights, and one man went so far as to absolutely assert that Mr. Maxim's smokeless powder invention was not his own but the claimant's. Litigation of a very serious and very expensive nature set in, but it stands to the credit of the subject of this article that he has always been able to uphold the validity of his patents.

"Ever since my invention was accepted for patent rights, I have been persecuted and blackmailed times without number," said Mr. Maxim. "Even now I am not at the end of it."



This is a "Maxim" inlaid with gold. It was made for the Sultan of Turkey. It has detachable wheels.

Our talk then drifted away on to flying machines.

"I believe you are busily engaged on the completion of a machine for aerial navigation?" I suggested.

"Well, not just at present. I am so busy with other things, especially with my electrical works, that I cannot find time to complete the flying device I have begun."

"But do you think traffic through the air will soon become an accomplished fact?"

"Without the slightest hesitation I can say that flying machines in the immediate future will be an accomplished fact."

"The importance of such a machine cannot be too highly gauged," continued my informant. "In war, for instance, I think there is nothing so valuable, except guns. The air-ship can be used as a gun. Take, for instance, this case: an air-ship hovering over an enemy's city can drop—unseen, a very important point—bombs into the heart of that same city causing endless destruction. Illuminated shells could also be dropped enabling an officer in the unseen ship to make a hasty sketch of the citadel."

"The experiments in this direction must be very expensive?"

"Yes, like in everything else, you pay dearly for your experiences with flying machines. Accidents are frequent, and tools and machinery, which nearly all must be of especial kinds, run away with lots of money. But, as I said before, transportation through the air is a certainty of the immediate future."

The first experiments carried out in England were made in Kent in Baldwyn's Park, with a view of ascertaining accurately how much power was required to perform artificial flight on a large scale. Professor Langley and various others had experimented on a small

scale with an apparatus only weighing a few ounces, but Mr. Maxim started out with the object of learning what the lifting effect would be when much larger apparatus was employed.

However, in the first experiments at Baldwyn's Park, the apparatus, although much larger than anything which had ever been employed before, was not large enough to be considered a practical flying machine. In these first experiments, it was found that on an aerial plane set at a slight angle above the horizontal, and driven with a screw propeller at a speed of forty miles an hour, as much as 133 pounds could be carried with the



Mr. Maxim's flying machine after being thrown off the track.

expenditure of one horse power. In Professor Langley's experiments, which were on a smaller scale, as much as 250 pounds were carried with the expenditure of the same force.

Mr. Horatio Philips, who appears to be one of the cleverest engineers in existence, also made experiments on a small scale, and also succeeded in lifting, with the same amount of force, somewhere in the vicinity of 200 pounds.

When, however, Mr. Maxim attempted to make a large machine it was found that size was a most important factor. Professor Langley was of the opinion before this large machine was built that



These men built the flying machine under Mr. Maxim and were sworn to secrecy.

machine at anything like that speed without one side lifting off. It therefore became necessary to provide an upper track, so that the wheels could only lift about an inch off the supporting track.

The experiments demonstrated that when the wind was blowing across the track, the lifting effect was a great deal more on the windward side than on the lee side. In the last experiments which took place, the speed attained was forty-two miles an hour, and the lifting effect became so great

it could not be so economical as a small one, and Mr. Maxim himself expected that he would not be able to carry more than 100 pounds to the horse power on a large machine. When, however, the machine was made, it needed such a multitude of wires and stays to give it the necessary rigidity, that it also required a great deal of power—more than was expected—to drive it through the air at a suitable speed, so that the lifting effect for the power employed fell off. Hence it became necessary to employ more than twice as much power as was first intended, the greater part of this being wasted. The machine, however, had a lifting effect of about 10,000 pounds, or, say, 2,500 pounds more than its own weight.

In these experiments it was intended to run the machine along a railway track, and with very delicate apparatus to find what the lifting effect was both fore and aft, so as to get the centre of gravity directly under the centre of the lifting effect. But it was found impossible to run the machine at any considerable speed without one side leaving the track before the other, as shown in our illustration. Suppose, for instance, that it required a speed of forty miles an hour to lift all four wheels off the track, it was found quite impossible to run the

that the upper track, which had been arranged for holding the machine down, was broken, and the machine rose above the track. When the engines were stopped, the wheels settled down into the turf.

However, as a considerable quantity of the broken track became entangled in the screws and machinery, the machine was very badly damaged, in fact, although Baldwyn's Park was rather a large place, there was no room obtainable for a track greater than 1,800 feet in length, and this was found too short to conduct the experiments in a satisfactory manner.

However, the experiments demonstrated that both lifting and propelling effects could be produced by an aerial plane, and by screws running in the atmosphere. Before these experiments all the military powers of the great nations had been experimenting with balloons. Since they were made both the Americans and the French have been experimenting with machines on the same lines, and Lord Rayleigh, in a late lecture before the Royal Institution, spoke in very flattering terms of Mr. Maxim's efforts. They cost about £20,000, and they will not be renewed, as before stated, until Mr. Maxim again finds time to attend to them personally.

Lord Wolseley, about eighteen months ago, presided at the dinner of the North London Rifle Association, and in an after-dinner speech he lectured the Volunteers on the great advantages of being able to shoot straight. He had much to say on the value of accurate fire, and remarked: "Two things are necessary to the British Empire—accuracy of fire, and Mr. Hiram Stevens Maxim."

I have discoursed at length—by Mr. Maxim's aid—on this gentleman's wonderful inventions, and now about himself. There are few more entertaining men in London, and few who can more quickly see the humorous side of things. The following story will serve as a proof of his pleasantly humorous character. At a recent "celebrity" tea Mr. Maxim entered with two pictures of whales cut from an encyclopædia pinned on to his breast. Many guesses were made as to whom he was supposed to represent, and it turned out to be "The Prince (prints) of Wales."

Mr. Hiram S. Maxim has a strong opinion of his own on the Chinese question, which will be found to differ from the view generally held. The following story will explain.

After one of the "fearful massacres" of missionaries occurred, a meeting was called to pass a vote of condolence with the relatives of the deceased and to condemn the Chinese. Mr. Maxim was invited. He promised to attend if

allowed to speak for twenty minutes. This was agreed to. The meeting assembled, and the time came for him to speak. He arose and argued so forcibly against the motion that before he sat down an amendment was passed condoling with the Chinese, and condemning the English and other missionaries for interfering with Chinese rights.

The speech Mr. Maxim made was taken down in shorthand, and then transcribed and sent to the Chinese Ambassador in America. Li Hung Chang was the next to receive the speech, and he in turn had it beautifully inscribed in Chinese characters and sent to the Emperor. Very shortly after, Mr. Maxim was decorated for his courageous act. He has many other decorations, besides those our portraits show, but the others have been gained purely from his work as an inventor.

And now a word for Mrs. Maxim, a portrait of whom I am able to give here. One can assert without fear of contradiction that there are few more cultivated women in London. A more charming hostess cannot be imagined, such a gracious manner pervades every action that

one is made quite at ease at the outset. If all American women are like Mrs. Maxim, no wonder Englishmen, and Europeans in general, quickly fall victims to their charms. Mr. and Mrs. Maxim are both to be congratulated on their choice of a mate.



An early portrait of Mrs. Maxim.



### A SONG.

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,  
 I ne'er could injure you ;  
 For though your tongue no promise  
 claim'd,

Your charms would make me true.  
 To you no soul shall bear deceit,  
 No stranger offer wrong ;  
 But friends in all the aged you'll meet,  
 And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest  
 Another with your heart,  
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,  
 And act a brother's part :  
 Then lady, dread not here deceit,  
 Nor fear to suffer wrong ;  
 For friends in all the aged you'll meet,  
 And brothers in the young.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

## - - THE WOMAN'S WORLD. - -

BY LADY IRENE.

If it be true that manner makes the man—and who dare deny it?—it is equally positive that fashion makes the woman! And if to-day we could only live up to our gowns, both as maids and matrons, blessed indeed would be all mankind. For Dame Fashion to-day is in one of her sweetest and most benign moods. With wondrous self-abnegation has she renounced all eccentricities and exaggerations. Gone are the bulky, bulging sleeves, and rejected is the swathed skirt. Variable and inconsequent as ever, not only has Fashion discarded, but disdainfully she disowns all past enormities. Yet, judging the "will be" by the what "has been," this simply means in the near future she will cast off her present self-restraint, and with redoubled zest fascinate us with some sufficiently irrational whim. Otherwise how avoid monotony? And to be wholly rational is so stultifying! If you doubt the truth of this assertion, regard, I pray you, the many object lessons that surround you of the male biped, who in dull uniform garments struts his little hour side by side with our radiant, mutable selves.

Yet though there may often be times when we deplore, although we obediently follow Fashion's dictates, yet to-day we may pat ourselves on the back, and eulogise the harmonious sense of proportion and the nice instinct for colour which we, her true votaries, possess. A type of perfection, uniting the useful and the beautiful, is this sketch of an autumn gown. It is built of fancy tweed, which is to be *the* thing this autumn, with strappings on coat and skirt of a darker cloth. This one particular costume, which through the courtesy of Mr. Williamson, 66, Duke Street, Grosvenor

Square, I am permitted to reproduce here, hails from Vienna. It is made in



One of Mr. Williamson's productions.



a rather dull green tweed, with strappings of Robin Hood faced cloth, and it boasts a *chic* that bespeaks the master-hand. Partly because it was reasonable in price, and partly because my capacity of acquisitiveness is an unlimited quantity, I ordered its double for my own adornment. I chose a tan tweed, with strappings of golden tobacco brown cloth. And now let the next few months bring forth sunshine or rain, I shall at least have one



Madame Bonheur's Creation.

dress which is equal to either occasion. For, needless to emphasise, added to its other attractions, the fit is perfect.

Before adventuring on my round of autumn visits, I called at Madame Bonheur, 34, Welbeck Street, W., and after most mature deliberation, passing in review a variety of fascinating frocks, I finally selected the two I have had sketched.

The first is a pale heliotrope panne silk. The little straight bolero is edged with a narrow guipure, and insertions of the same adorn the skirt. The vest is a still paler shade of heliotrope crêpe de chène, held in place by narrow straps and bows of black velvet. The hat, which also comes from 34, Welbeck Street, is a black crinoline trimmed with a trail of mauve and pink convolvuli, completed by a bow of somewhat immoderate dimensions of black tulle.

"Sweet Simplicity" I trust you will think has put her distinguishing finger on my evening frock. It is composed of accordion pleated white crêpe de chène. The skirt glories in five little flounces, each edged with one row of black chenille. The berthe and sleeves are of thick lace, delicately outlined with a fine black chenille. The waist-belt also is black, with a buckle in dull gold daintily enamelled in black. A frock neater or completer it would be difficult to conceive. And remembering how depleted our purses are, what with charity bazaars and the thousand and one functions of the past season, I will whisper to you that Madame Bonheur's charges are always pleasingly moderate.

Dead and gone are the riotous revelings of the July sales. And, alas! many of us sorrowfully regard overloaded, groaning wardrobes, piled high with bargains for which we seem to have no possible, probable use. At this juncture it were wise to turn one's thoughts on the tea-gown—the gift of all the ages—an absolute necessity when visiting at country houses, and an ever-graceful, delightful comfort in one's own home. Among the stores there will be sure to be found some seven or eight yards of satin or brocade, or soft-falling cashmere—too much for a blouse, and an insufficient quantity for a dress. This remnant lends itself delightfully to the tea-gown, the length of the skirt depending to some extent on the length of the stuff. The tea-gown gracefully submits to be supplemented, when conditions demand it, with a front bearing but scant relationship and sleeves of even yet more distant kinship. For instance, a brocade with some dominant note in pink could form the

back and train, Medici collar, and draped revers. The sleeves and little V pointed yoke to be in guipure lace, boasting an

mode, ever fashionable and ever pleasing, admits of infinite variations, according to the remnants at one's disposal.

Another model equally successful, and yet still more economical, for it lends itself with sweetest amiability to home manipulation, and demands but the minimum of material, is the Empire tea-gown. An elongation of some nine or ten inches of a good skirt pattern gives the necessary basis for the bodice; to the top portion of this there must be attached a yoke of amplified length. The stitching which joins one to the other to be decorously and decoratively hidden beneath a long sash brought under the arms and tied at one side. Picture to yourself such a gown of Parma violet faced cloth with a yoke of Maltese lace and tucked muslin, three-quarter length sleeves of the cloth, with baggy under-sleeves caught tight at the wrists—such as our grandmothers delighted in—of the lace and muslin completed by a wide Pompadour silk sash, with white ground and blurred violets, tied in a careless bow just beneath the left arm, the ends falling quite to the feet. Such garments costing—as compared with their real value—nothing, are enough to make the prudent bitterly repent their circumspection—since they have no stores of remnants—and the reckless glory in their rash audacity, and long for the December sales, wherein they may pluck and snatch fresh laurels to bedeck themselves and worthily further the cult of the sartorial art.



An Evening Frock from Madame Bonheur's.

accordion pleated front of pink chiffon or gauze, descending in restful straight lines from the yoke to the hem. This





Pigeon Plucking.

## AT THE FRONT OF WAR.

BY A. NOMAD.

PHOTOS BY LESLIE W. FORD, OF QUEENSTOWN, S.A.

AT six o'clock on a lovely, dewy morning in early February, our little party met at the Queenstown railway station, all ready to start on our expedition. One of us, Captain O'Hara, of the Frontier Mounted Rifles, was going to rejoin his corps after a few days' leave; the rest being four inquisitive women-kind and one small child afflicted with scarlet—or yellow—fever in its most malignant form, were simply bent on getting as far through the British lines as the authorities would permit, on seeing all there was to see, and on returning to inform our feminine friends, with ill-concealed triumph, that we had been to "the Front."

I was one of the women-kind, and perhaps the most inquisitive of them all;

the others being my mother, my sister, and her little girl, and Captain O'Hara's cousin, Miss Niel. We were provided with a pass from the military authorities, permitting us to leave the town, and we and our luncheon basket soon occupied a compartment in the long train, otherwise crammed from end to end with soldiers, regular and irregular, all jumbled up together, and all frantic with eagerness to get back to their respective posts before a certain promised "big fight" should begin. The station was crowded with Volunteers and their weeping women-kind; one big fellow had two small children clinging to his knees, who fairly howled when he got into his carriage, and they had to be dragged away from him.



Selling off captured stock at Queenstown.

Presently we moved away through the sweet familiar country, with its stretches of emerald veldt, its winding rivers and mighty mountains, and odorous mimosa woods; the old familiar country, where all my life I have wandered at my own sweet will, but which now seems to me most sadly changed. Go where one will, one finds a picket stationed, and in my own domain and home, men, most of whom have never set foot on South African soil until two months ago, arise from the earth to order and direct my goings. Even from the train the obnoxious

played in the trenches about the gangers' cottages.

Poor Tommy! how forlorn and dirty and miserable he looked, working away at his entrenchments! How pleased he was, too, with our little gifts of grapes or peaches, and how we regretted having brought such a small supply. Truly it is not so much for the stress and danger of battle that the soldier must be pitied, as for the months of weary waiting, of dull garrison duty, of continual watchfulness and anxiety, which drag their slow length along for nine-tenths of the time that he is out on active service.



Cyphergat Railway Station; a poor place, but it was taken by the Boers and retaken by the British.

kharki was visible here and there amongst the trees, or on the green grass slopes, reminding us of the "red cloud of war" which hangs so heavily over our poor country. Every little bridge and culvert we passed had its guard tent and its group of soldiers leaning on their rifles and watching us eagerly for the gift of a newspaper or magazine. Occasionally, on a lofty krantz or kopje, we caught a glimpse of breastworks dark against the sky, with the threatening mouths of great guns, and sentries pacing back and forth. Under these frowning fortifications natives were ploughing peacefully, and children

Now the dewy freshness was gone from the morning, and the last mists had lifted from the Stormberg's rugged sides. The bright high sun, shining out of a speckless sky, revealed with microscopic distinctness long lines of tiny white tents far away on a kharki-coloured plain. This was General Gatacre's great camp at Sterkstroom; and here we presently alighted for awhile, while Captain O'Hara went in search of the General to obtain his permission for us to proceed.

Sterkstroom is a tiny village set amongst magnificent mountains—one of many South African villages which would probably have dozed on for ever



The Queenstown Frontier Hospital, where Boers and Britons are alike nursed.

in well-merited obscurity, had it not been for events which have all at once made their names known throughout the world. For forty years it lay basking in the African sunshine, and ripened its rosy peaches and its golden grain. And then, one December day, came the thunder of great guns, and the tramp of many feet broke the dreamy silence of the years.

Now those feet have trodden all greenness from its plains, and from its rocky heights great cannon look down upon it. And everywhere is "the gentleman in kharki," playing or working, but always most obviously bored. He crowded the station and stared at the train, greeted vociferously his comrades who descended to join him, and discussed in loud tones and frank language the conduct of the war, the abilities of his officers, and the probability of an imminent "burst up" with the Boers. Everyone seemed to expect a fight very soon, and we began (some of us) to wonder why we had ventured so far.

But we scorned the idea of retreat, and when Captain O'Hara rejoined us we took our places in the train, and were soon moving on again; on and up, with ever fresh great mountains unrolling themselves in an unending panorama. Almost at the same moment that we steamed out of the station, an armoured train, a long, black, snake-like object, went crawling off along the branch line

in the direction of Pen Hoek. We watched it from our windows as, grim and steel-clad, and with an indescribably furtive look about it, it slipped away across the veldt and vanished from our ken.

Now we had slowly and painfully climbed the mighty flank of the Stormberg, and were steaming through the famous Stormberg Pass, from whose giddy heights we could see, beyond wooded kloofs and headlands, a dim blue dream of mountains a hundred miles away. It was a splendid desolation. For mile after mile there was no sign of human life, except here and there a native kraal set in a shady nook, or a group of soldiers patrolling the line, or perhaps a railway cottage, heavily fortified, its windows packed with sandbags, and its verandahs concealed behind breastworks of stone.

Another tiny town in a green valley; another station verandah crowded with soldiers; another camp with its lines of tents, its grazing cattle and groups of ox-waggons. This was Cyphergat, the farthest British outpost, except that at Molteno, two or three miles further on; and here the train rapidly emptied itself, the soldiers streaming off in the direction of their different camps, while we stood on the verandah and listened to an animated account, delivered by three voices at once, of the fight that took place here after the Stormberg defeat. They told

us how the Boers, after shelling the station with a big gun which they had taken to the top of the Loopersberg, came down and made the stationmaster give them up the keys, after which they rifled the buildings and took formal possession. We were told that on the first sign of reinforcements from Sterkstroom, the Boers retreated, field gun and all, and in a quarter of an hour there was not one of them to be seen.

Almost on the summit of the Loopersberg, which is a high, rugged hill opposite the station, we could distinguish the gleam of white tents. Where the Boer gun stood is now a British picket, and at the foot of the hill is the camp of the Frontier Mounted Rifles.

The day was still young, and very leisurely we strolled in that direction; so leisurely, indeed, that Captain O'Hara, waxing impatient, began to enquire anxiously how long we thought it would take to get to Pretoria at that rate of progression. The plain was all alive with troops of cavalry returning from watering their horses, and military cooks hovering over fires and preparing a dinner of gigantic proportions. Close to the station we picked up a tiny, slender bullet—a Mauser fired from the Loopersberg during the action. The little slip of lead looked scarcely capable of stopping a cat, much less a man; and as it lay meekly in the palm of my hand I found it hard to realise that of the tall strong men who have fallen fighting for England since the war began, nearly all have been laid low by this tiny foe.

The camp received us joyfully; we were the first ladies, we heard, who had visited it during the two months of its existence, and we were likely to be the last, as a general move on the part of our troops, and considerable activity on that of the enemy, were shortly to be expected.

But while we were still exchanging compliments, there was a sudden alarm. The battery mules (not quite unknown to fame) were suddenly discovered to be nobody knew where, except that they had last been seen wandering off in the direction of the Boer lines. The universal opinion was that unless immediately

brought back to camp, they must inevitably be cut off. So several of our kind hosts disappeared suddenly; it was boot, saddle, and away! And just as the rescuing party galloped furiously out of sight in one direction, the missing mules came peacefully grazing over the rise in another!

When this excitement had subsided, the man who had stained his grey horse kharki-colour with Condyl's Fluid, thought we ought not to miss seeing it. So we were taken to where the poor dear beast was picketed, and stood rubbing his nose against his neighbour for comfort, and eyeing as much of himself as he could see with strong disfavour. However, as a work of art he was a pronounced success, and much more secure from Boer bullets than he might otherwise have been.

After much desultory strolling, we were taken to a roomy mess tent and a really comfortable luncheon. I could not help picturing some anxious women-kind sitting at home with heavy hearts, while the objects of their loving pity lay under cool canvas revelling in all the luxuries of civilisation, even down to the Worcester Sauce, and indulging, by the way, in a hundred mad pranks and practical jokes.

At length we were obliged to make our adieux, and walk back in the direction of the station. On our way, a blue peak to the northward was pointed out to us as the Boer position, the defence of which resulted in General Gatacre's defeat at the hands of a Boer Commando which, it is said, consisted almost entirely of local rebels.

The consternation which spread over our peaceful country-side, on this news becoming known, is a thing never to be forgotten. Hitherto the war had seemed far from us, and continual skirmishing with native tribes has so inured most Colonists to the idea of strife, that we looked on at the progress of events with comparative calm. But this was something very different; the army sent by England for our defence had been driven back, the "red cloud" was sweeping down to our very doors. Disaffection and unrest were in the air

we breathed. It seemed to us that the impossible had happened.

That the local Boer, of all created beings, should have achieved this: the quiet old fellows who stand, as I have seen them a thousand times in the *Nachmaal* week, so unobtrusively at the street corners, discussing in gentle tones their sheep or their mealies, looking with soft diffident eyes over their great beards. The simple farmer people, content with so little, kindly, hospitable, retiring; doing right according to their lights, and living their primitive family life three centuries at least behind the rest of the world. The men who have

hottest flame. Dim blue eyes kindle, the plough-shares are dropped, and the gnarled workworn hands go instinctively to the old "roer," grown rusty from disuse during inglorious years amongst the family treasures, in the long red waggon-box under the bed. The sons are called home, many of them from English schools, where they are acquiring the knowledge and the ways of the newer race; in their soft fingers the old gun is laid; side by side with their fathers they go to Field Cornet or Commandant and announce themselves ready for the fray; none is too young and none too old to fire a shot for liberty's or friendship's



General Gatacre's base camp at Queenstown.

been known to go on year after year ploughing and tilling the surface of the earth, and reaping peacefully the kindly fruits thereof, while knowing that ten feet below lay golden ore enough to make them millionaires in a week if they chose to gather it. The silent men we, of the superior, cultured race, pass by with such indifference, caring nothing for what their thoughts of us may be, as they stand looking after us in the hot, sleepy street of the up-country town.

Then comes a day when the old blood-bitterness awakes, the old racial hatred, long merged in a kind of puzzled respect for the more civilised race, bursts into

sake. When they meet in the village at *Nachmaal* time, their talk is no longer of mealies. When the English ladies pass them coldly by, and the English fine gentlemen push them aside with contempt for some of their habits (which it is useless to pretend are all pleasant) depicted very visibly upon their features, it is not only mild curiosity that follows them on their way from the blue eyes, as the groups close together again and the low-toned talk is resumed. But we never notice, we never see. And we laugh at the notion of the Piets and Christoffels, with the sight of whom we have been so familiar all our lives,



actually firing with intent to slay at the soldiers of their sovereign liege.

Suddenly a panic spreads over the country. We are warned to hold ourselves in readiness to fly at a moment's notice to the protection of our laager, and we wait trembling for the signal. Long trains of wounded begin to arrive, and to fill the improvised hospital. Terrible tales drift down to us of an army broken and demoralised, flying blindly through the darkness; of the Boer left singing hymns of triumph amongst his rocky fastnesses.

Ah! Piet and Christoffel, standing there so quietly and gossiping over your eternal pipe, would anyone have thought you capable of this?

Unrest was in the air to-day, as we climbed into the train and bid goodbye to Captain O'Hara. There was subdued excitement in every face we saw, and heads seemed to have a tendency to lean very close together, voices to drop to subdued whispers. An old Boer, who had been reading the Martial Law Proclamation, posted up in Dutch on the verandah, watched us with the wistful uncomprehending look which I have seen a hundred times, on as many stern bearded faces, since the war brought such sorrow on us all.

And just as the train began to move, a solemn sound came booming over the mountains to eastward. Once—twice—thrice it came, a noise that might have been distant thunder, had it not been for the spotless sky and the grave blue stillness of the summer noon. Almost at

once the engine quickened its pace, and the rattle of the empty train drowned all else; but we sat with blanched faces and looked hard into each other's eyes. The battle had begun!

To come down the Stormberg Pass is quite a different matter from climbing up it, and very quickly we left the camp behind us. With that unwonted sound still in our ears, we looked suspiciously at the long, irregular dongas which in some places run beside the line for miles, and the kopjes further off, ideal places for a Boer sharp-shooter. But we

reached Sterkstroom without mishap, to find that the armoured train had arrived before us, and had not been so fortunate as ourselves.

We learnt afterwards that it had scarcely proceeded any distance before the Boers opened fire on it, and, the shells dropping unpleasantly close, and our men being unable to return the fire, there was nothing for it but to return with all speed to camp. Here we found the monster blowing off steam on a siding,

puffing and snorting with an air of deep annoyance at its own impotence, and looking with its grim steel walls as impregnable as an ironclad. Already a body of men had been sent out against the enemy, and the camp was quiet again; but the Boers followed up their advantage, and by the next day fighting was general. Our Queenstown streets were choked with captured cattle, and the dreary lists of casualties, the trains with wounded and prisoners, began once more their melancholy procession.



Corporal Rudd, of Montmorency's Scouts.  
Recommended for V.C., but killed on the fatal  
23rd February.

## SAVED BY A LIE.

BY ERNEST SHIEL-PORTER.

IT was the last night of the Denning Shakespearian Company's visit to Milverton, and the theatre was packed. The piece to be presented was "The Merchant of Venice," and everybody, from the great Vernon Denning, who was busy changing his classic features into those of the wily Jew, down to Johnny Elton, who played the Clerk of the Court, was looking forward to a good finish to the week's record business.

Charlie Grasmere, a handsome young fellow of twenty-six, who was cast for the somewhat thankless part of Antonio, stood at the wings chatting quietly with Nerissa, better known in the profession as pretty little Essie Darville. She had only joined the Denning Company four months previously, but ever since the first day she had been very friendly with Charlie, who had made himself rather useful to her in a little affair of lost luggage. The friendship

soon ripened, as most friendships between young people of opposite sexes have the knack of doing, into love, and in due course their engagement was made known.

The only drawback to Grasmere's happiness was the fact that his professional engagement was not on such a sound footing. The truth of the matter was that he was far from well, overworked in fact, and being none too robust he was beginning to show it in his work. The fault of "missing his cues," which brings down invariably the wrath of a manager, had been his, and Denning had been very outspoken in his remarks on the subject. Naturally, Grasmere began to lose his confidence somewhat, a bad thing for an



He made himself useful to her in a little affair of lost luggage.

actor cast for heavy parts. On this Saturday night he was feeling utterly depressed in spite of his sweetheart being so near him.

"How are you to-night, Charlie?" she asked, looking at him anxiously.

"Still weak and ill, dear," he replied. "I don't know what the end of it will be. I want rest and change, but I don't know how to manage it, unless I throw the whole thing up for the present, and you know, of course, that I cannot afford to do that. Denning slated me again last night for missing my cues, but if he knew how ill I was he would not wonder at it. It will be cruel work though if I have to throw it up, for you know what straitened circumstances I am in. And it will make all the difference to both of us, won't it, little girl?"

"But won't Mr. Denning make some allowance for you, seeing you are so unwell?" Essie said.

"That is just the worst of it, Essie! Denning is a fine fellow, and a thorough gentleman. But he never had a day's illness in his life, and so has very little sympathy for others in that respect. I told him what a state I was in last night, but he laughed at the idea. So I must try to pull through as well as I can. But there goes the overture, and I must hurry round."

After pulling her aside into a dark corner and giving her a kiss, Grasmere crossed to the prompt side to meet his friends. From the other side of the curtain came the buzz of conversation from a crowded house. Denning and his company were general favourites in the great port of Milverton, and the Mayor and lesser dignitaries, as well as the naval and military officers, had all come down to give him a good send-off.

When the curtain rose the house presented a brilliant spectacle, the scarlet, blue, and gold of many uniforms, and the gay dresses of the ladies, standing out in strong relief from the black mass of the humbler playgoers.

Antonio entered with his friends. His first words, "In sooth I know not why I am so sad!" were hardly truthful, though they were the words of the play. He did know why he was sad—far too

well. If things went on in the way they had been doing lately he would be thrown out of an engagement, and that would mean an indefinite postponement of the day when little Essie would change her second name to Grasmere. The thought of this, for a time, stimulated him to throw all his remaining strength into his work, but even as he played he knew a collapse was looming later in the evening.

In the third scene it was as much as he was able to reply readily to the bitter taunts of Shylock, but he managed to pull through, and the curtain fell on the first act and rose again in response to the hearty applause. Denning himself, not usually given to praise, congratulated Grasmere on the improvement in his acting. But Charlie knew full well that his difficulties were not yet over.

And in the fourth act he felt worse—worse with a splitting headache, and shivering from head to foot. And then the climax came. The famous trial scene was half gone through. Denning, in that severe test of dramatic power, which only a born actor can hope to rise equal to with all the force at his command, was superb in his mordant cynicism. Antonio was speaking his words in faltering accents, and the people, thinking it good acting, and knowing nothing of the actor's true feelings, were listening intently. And at last he came to the words, "Tell her the process of Antonio's end, say how I lov'd you, speak me fair;"—and then he stopped. He remembered vaguely the prompter's voice, distinct though whispering—"Speak me fair in death." It seemed to contain a hideous meaning. In vain he tried to bring his lips to frame the words. "Speak me fair—in death," he murmured faintly, and then, seeing a mingled mass of lights and perplexed faces—he fell to the stage unconscious.

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When Charles Grasmere regained his senses the curtain was down, and there was a great uproar behind the scenes. Men were rushing to and fro, and everybody seemed terrified. The unfortunate



"You are advised by the authorities to return home as quickly as possible."

actor's first thought was "What would Denning say?" He shuddered. "A bad break-down, and on treasury night, too." Then he wondered why he was left with only Essie beside him, gazing at him with such a frightened face. With her help he gradually regained his feet.

"Never mind, darling. I'm—I'm better now," he said, "but why do you look at me like that?" And then a sharp tongue of flame shooting out above him gave him the answer. He knew the awful fact at a glance. Something much more terrible than his break-down had happened—the theatre was on fire!

Essie cried in his ear, "Charlie, some of the boys have been smoking on the quiet, and the scenery at the back is ablaze. It is fearful. Denning is off his head with rage—and all the people on the other side laughing and joking, little thinking of the terrible death in

store for them. If they try to crush out quickly it will be awful!" The poor little woman broke down with a choking sob. There are some natures which, in ordinary circumstances, display little resource or ingenuity, yet when they are put to the test they emerge with credit.

Grasmere's nature was one of these, for his head was clear in an instant, and he cried, "Where is Denning?"

"In his dressing-room," Essie said, and Charlie went as quickly as his weak legs would permit him to see if he could render any assistance.

Forcing his way through the knot of excited actors into the room, he found Denning in a state of utter frenzy. With him was the manager. While the stage hands were fighting the flames, the principals were trying to think of a plan for getting the people out without a panic.

"What can we do—what can we do?" Denning was shouting.

"To tell them the news would mean one of the biggest crushes ever known."

The flames were spreading rapidly, and soon the curtain would be on fire. The stage hands and actors worked right manfully with the fire buckets, but unsuccessfully. The theatre was an old one, and not equipped with modern apparatus or a fire curtain. The audience, all ignorant of the real cause of the delay, was stamping impatiently. And yet Denning could suggest and do nothing. One of the coolest men in ordinary circumstances, in this critical moment he was helpless. He turned on Charlie.

"Here, Grasmere, can't you suggest some plan for getting them all out quickly, without a crush or panic? An ordinary excuse won't send them, they will stay to hiss. Good God! If they learn what is the matter, and lose their heads, they're doomed!"

Charlie thought for a moment, and then dashed down to the prompt side. His hair was singed, and his costume

licked by the omnivorous flames as he did so. When he stood before the curtain he was greeted by a yell of disapprobation from the gods, and then there was a deep hush.

For a moment he stood silent, and then—hastened by a blast of hot air from the back—he spoke—spoke more clearly than he had ever spoken in any part—spoke, and speaking, lied roundly and well.

"Ladies and gentlemen, owing to the sudden outbreak of war between England and France, and to the fact that the port of Milverton is at this very moment threatened by a hostile fleet, the performance will be discontinued, and you are advised by the authorities to return home as quickly as possible. The cooler and more orderly you are the quicker you will get out."

One huge shout of defiance to an invisible foe, mingled with snatches of "Rule Britannia," and other patriotic songs, and then the vast audience began to move out quickly yet quietly, the officers looking at one another with puzzled faces. The orchestra, their faces growing paler as they felt the heat approaching, with admirable presence of mind, rose and played the National Anthem.

The theatre was soon emptied. The dense crowd had melted away, each person learning at the door the real news; and as the last man left the curtain caught, and the whole building was soon one blazing death-trap, but, thanks to one resourceful man—with-out the victims.

Charles Grasmere, who had glanced back to see the stage one mass of flame, with a

fervent "Thank God!" sprang into the orchestra and followed the musicians to the door. Although satisfied that so many lives had been saved, a sickening fear welled up within him that Essie and his friends might be lost. Running quickly past the deserted box office, he mingled with the excited crowd outside the house, and pushed his way round to the stage door.

"Thank God!" again, for they were all out safely, and the first to greet him was Essie.

With tears of love and pride coursing down her cheeks, she simply grasped his hand and whispered brokenly, "Charlie, I am proud of you!" and from sheer emotion could say no more. And Vernon Denning, the great tragedian, for once



An affair in which he and Essie Darville both played leading parts.

in his life looked utterly ridiculous as he wrung Grasmere's other hand, saying with a genuine shake in his voice, "Charles, my dear fellow—I—I—am an ass—and you are a hero!" And a cheer from the crowd, who had recognised Grasmere by the light of the burning structure, echoed Denning's words.

The Denning Shakespearian Company did not leave Milverton the next day as arranged. A theatrical company without scenery is rather at a disadvantage. But whatever Denning and the rest thought of the next week's enforced holiday was anything but regret. They felt proud that one of their crowd had proved himself a real hero though clad with the garb and artifice of the stage, and they were glad to stay and do him honour.

On the Thursday there was a grand banquet, followed by an interesting ceremony in the Town Hall, from which Charles Grasmere made his exit with a cheque for a thousand pounds in his pocket—a presentation cheque subscribed to by thousands of the English people, who admire pluck and resource whether on the battlefield or at home.

And exactly a week later than that memorable evening, there was a still more interesting affair in which the young actor was concerned—an affair in which he and Essie Darville both played leading parts, with the Mayor of Milverton acting the part—and well too—of the doting father, to say nothing of Colonel Slashington as best man. And the best of it was there was no villain in the whole of the proceedings, for Denning forsook the rôle on that occasion and beamed benignly on everybody.

To-day Charles Grasinere is well on the way to become one of our finest actors. He is seldom unwell now, for a perfect rest and good living will often do a lot for a man who is worried by the pinch of poverty, and helps to bring out the best that is in him. But although his cheque put him on his feet, he says to intimate friends when they are talking of that eventful night, "Ah! but you should have seen Essie then, and heard her say, 'Charlie, I am proud of you.'" He is glad and content, for out of his failure came success, and failure is bitter, but success is sweet!

## AH, LEAVE ME NOT!

Ah, leave me not, sweetheart, so soon  
To lonely thoughts and wistful sighs!  
The night is young. Behold the moon  
Hath not yet climbed the eastern skies!  
Tell me again love's rosary  
Of sweet words, low and soft;  
A thousand times, it could not be  
By thy lips told too oft.

Ah, leave me not! With thee away,  
Sad thoughts of ill my heart affright,  
And pleasure scorns the fairest day  
Until thy presence makes it bright;  
'Tis but a moment since we met,  
So, sweetheart, bide a wee,  
And in thy love let me forget  
The parting soon to be.

BERYL.



## BURIED ALIVE: A SKETCH.

BY S. BARING GOULD.

AMONG the ghastly pictures in the Wiertz Gallery at Brussels there is not one that sends so cold a shiver through the marrow of the visitor as that of the man who, in time of cholera, has been buried alive. The vision of Napoleon is horrible, the mad woman devouring her children is revolting, three minutes after death is imaginative and wild, but that horrible scene in the vault when the buried man tears open his coffin, scattering the rats, and glares out at the spectator from under the riven lid, is of surpassing, unspeakable horror;—and it is a horror that chills the heart, in the thought that even so it may happen to him.

Fortunately we, in England, are not so liable to be buried alive as are those in countries where an interment takes place on the day after death, and the dread of it is so great that, in our own country, a burial rarely takes place till tokens of decomposition have set in. It was not always so, and it is not so now on the Continent. Considering how little we know of the duration of time in which suspended animation may continue in epilepsy, when death is so clearly simulated as to be easily mistaken for death, it were well if interments were never permitted till there are evident tokens of change in the condition of the body.

The writer perhaps feels more strongly on this point than many owing to his having had brought to his notice three cases, of which two ended in burial where there exists great doubt whether death had really taken place, whereas the third was one of rescue at the last moment. This last was the case of a lady in the West Indies, who apparently died through the shock of the house being struck by lightning. She was laid out as dead, and placed in her coffin, but,

though motionless and pulseless, was in perfect possession of her faculties, and knew what was being done for her, heard what was spoken about her, was well aware what was in store for her. Previous to the closing of the coffin, whilst her father stood beside her, taking the last look, conscious that this was a supreme moment, by an effort of the will she strove to open her eyes, and succeeded so far as to raise one lid. Her father saw the movement and stopped the funeral. A surgeon was sent for, she was bled, and as the blood flowed, recovered flexibility. Ever after she had a start in that eye of which she had succeeded in flickering the lid.

Tertullian, in his treatise on the soul, written about A.D. 200, mentions the case of a relation who—there can be little question—was buried alive in the Catacombs. He says, "I know about a woman, the daughter of Christian parents, who fell asleep peacefully in the very flower of her age and beauty, after a singularly happy, though brief married life. Before they laid her in the grave, and when the priest began the appointed office, at the very first breath of his prayer, she raised her hands from her side, and folded them in the attitude of devotion, and after the holy service was concluded let them fall back into their lateral position." He goes on to tell how in a certain cemetery "there is a well-known story among our own people," about a corpse that when the tomb was opened was found to have moved to one side, and Tertullian concludes that it had removed to give place to the body that was to be laid beside it. To us it seems more likely that the supposed dead had revived in the tomb, and moved aside in a struggle for breath, and then had died of suffocation.

Tertullian speaks of such stories being

not uncommon, and he accounts for them in an odd way, by supposing that some "lingering remnants of the soul" abide with the corpse for a while, and are only slowly withdrawn from it.

The other two instances to which the writer has referred as coming more or less under his notice were these. A naval officer dined with an aged friend one evening, and fell dead on his way back to his lodgings after dinner. He had no relatives in the place, where he was only staying for a fortnight. He remained for several days, the body flexible, and without manifesting any change. He was finally buried, but the writer believes that his friend was never after easy in his mind about this case, doubtful whether the man were really dead, and believing that he ought to have interfered and insisted on the funeral being delayed.

The third case was very similar, in the South of France.

Can there be much doubt that St. Andrew Avellius was buried alive? He died, or at all events his pulse stopped, on November 10th, 1608. He was at once conveyed to the Church of the Theatines in Naples, and laid out there. Crowds came to see him, and he remained unburied for an unusual number of days. His cheeks did not lose their colour, nor did his limbs lose their flexibility; his eyelids were lifted, and his eyes appeared as bright and full of expression as when he was alive. Moreover, blood continued to exude from some sores he had on his head and body. Nevertheless he was buried.

A most painful instance of burial alive occurs in the last October volume of the *Bollandists*. The supposed dead man, whilst being carried to burial, made a desperate effort, and moved his head. This was greeted with exclamations of "A miracle! a miracle!" and went some way towards establishing the unfortunate wretch's claim to canonisation. Perhaps the best known instance of burial alive is that of Zeno, Emperor of the East, who died on the night of April 29, 491. His end is variously related, and a certain amount of mystery hangs about it. The story of his burial alive does not rest on contemporary authorities. It is

to this effect. He was subject to epileptic fits, and during a banquet on the night in question, fell from the table in one of these. His chamberlains undressed him, and believing him to be dead laid him on a plank. At daybreak a shroud was thrown over him, and the Empress Ariadne hurried on the funeral. That same day he was laid in a tomb closed with a slab of marble. Ariadne placed guards in the church, and imposed on them strict orders, under pain of death, to allow no one to approach, and on no account to open the tomb. They obeyed, and in spite of the lamentable cries of Zeno, which they heard after the lapse of some hours, and which continued for some time, they made no effort to release him. Only after the lapse of a fortnight was the tomb opened, when the unhappy Emperor was found dead, seated—and he had torn the flesh off his arms with his teeth. No sooner was Zeno put out of the way than Ariadne called Anastasius to assume the purple, and married him forty days after the burial of Zeno.

Hamadāni, an Arab poet, fell, struck with apoplexy in 1007. As he was supposed to be dead, he was buried, but revived in the tomb. His screams were heard, and the vault opened. He was drawn forth alive, but the agony and horror he had undergone had so shaken him that he did not long survive his restoration. Duns Scotus, the subtle doctor, as he was termed, is also said to have been buried alive. He died in 1308, and when, some time after his death, his sarcophagus was opened, the body was discovered turned over, and in such a condition that little doubt was entertained that he had been buried in a state of lethargy, which had been mistaken for death. In a curious and scarce book published at Frankfurt in 1798, a writer, who calls himself only "H. v. E.," appeals against too hasty burials, and quotes instances to show that in Germany in many cases interments were hurried on before death was established. He mentions an instance of a lady of noble rank who died in childbirth, and was at once consigned to the family mausoleum. The husband died shortly after, and when the family



vault was opened, the woman was seen, seated on her coffin, which she had torn open and from which she had escaped. She was dead, supported by the angle of the wall against which she had sunk, as in darkness and despair she had seated herself on the coffin from which she had succeeded in releasing herself. Another instance mentioned by the same writer is that of a student of the University of Ingolstadt, who apparently died and was laid out. Two old women were commissioned to remain with the body all night, and they saw nothing to make them suppose he was not dead. Next morning he was placed in a coffin and fastened down "with wooden pegs," and the body was taken to the courtyard of the house in which the student lodged. Just as the funeral procession was about to start, the young man heaved up the lid of the coffin, and thrust forth his hands bound together by the old women with a rosary. He declared that he had been conscious the whole time whilst prepared for burial.

In "The Hanover Magazine" for 1791, the Clerk of the Royal Palace, named Wuth, gave an account of his own experiences. He says, "When I was a lad I had a serious illness. I was given plenty of medicine, but got no better. Presently I fell into a condition of body so rigid and pulseless that my parents believed I was dead. Nevertheless I retained entire consciousness, and both saw what went on around me, and also heard all that was said. I heard my mother and sisters crying, and heard them discuss the summoning of a certain woman to lay me out. One of my sisters was ordered to fetch her, whereupon the eldest objected that the woman was a witch. Her objection was overruled, and my youngest sister went in quest of her. To this day I can see, whenever I recur to that momentous time, the figure of the stout, broad-shouldered Katherine, and recall how she put on a pretence of crying along with the rest. I saw my father prepare the board on which I was to be laid, when removed from my bed, by covering it with straw—that is to say I saw him pass me carrying the straw. Presently

old Katherine put her fingers on my eyelids and closed them. I was washed and prepared for burial. I never for one instant lost complete consciousness, and till the old woman closed my eyes I could see whatever passed within their range. I felt no pain whatever; and as I somehow did not realise what was in preparation for me—burial alive, I felt no alarm and uneasiness."

Unfortunately Herr Wuth does not say how he came round and his burial was prevented.

Cardinal d'Espinoza, Prime Minister to Philip II., died, as it was supposed, after a short illness. His rank entitled him to be embalmed. Accordingly the body was opened for that purpose, and lungs and heart were exposed. At that moment the blood began to flow, the Cardinal awoke, as from a trance, and had sufficient strength to arrest the hand that held the knife of the anatomist.

On the 23rd September, 1763, the Abbé Prévost, author of the famous novel, "*Manon de l'Escaut*," had a fit in the forest of Chantilly. The body was conveyed to the nearest parsonage. He was supposed to have died of apoplexy. But the local authorities, desiring to be satisfied as to the occasion of his death, ordered a post-mortem examination. During the process, the poor Abbé uttered a cry of agony—it was too late, the surgeon's knife had touched a vital point.

The following rests on the authority of Dr. Schmidt, a physician attached to the hospital at Paderborn, where it occurred in 1835.

A young man of the name of Caspar Kreute, of Berne, died in one of the wards of the hospital, but his body could not be interred for three weeks, for this reason:—During the first twenty-four hours after drawing his last breath, the corpse more than once re-opened the eyes, after they had been closed, and at intervals the pulse could be felt feebly beating. On the third and fourth day, portions of the skin, which had been burnt to test the reality of his death, suppurated. On the fifth day the corpse altered the position of one hand. On the ninth day a vesicular eruption appeared

on the back. For nine days the forehead was contracted, giving the face an expression of frowning. The lips remained red till the eighteenth day; and the joints preserved their flexibility from first to last. He lay in this condition in a warm room for nineteen days, without any alteration than a wasting of the flesh. Till after the nineteenth day no discoloration, no odour of decomposition was observed. Kreute had been cured of ague, and had laboured under a slight affection of the chest, but no adequate reason for his death could be found. We can hardly doubt that with proper restoratives the unfortunate young man might have been brought round.

In 1680, at Dresden, when the plague was raging, a woman, named Elizabeth Krebaum, the wife of a bookbinder, was thrown as dead into a plague pit along with twenty-five corpses, but revived as the earth was being thrown in on her, shrieked out, held up her hands, and was drawn forth. She survived her partial interment thirty-nine years. In 1634, a poor piper, named John Bartendale, was convicted of felony at the York Assizes, and condemned to be hung. The sentence was carried out on March 27th outside Micklegate Bar, York. After he had remained swinging for three-quarters of an hour, he was cut down, and buried near the place of execution. The officers of justice had accomplished their work carelessly in both particulars, as it afterwards transpired, for he had been neither properly hung nor properly buried.

The same day, in the afternoon, a gentleman, one of the Vavasours, of Hazlewood, was riding by, when he observed the earth moving in a certain place. He ordered his servant to alight; he himself descended from his horse; and together they threw off the mould, and discovered the piper alive. Mr. Vavasour and his servant helped him out of his grave, and the poor wretch was removed again to York Castle. He was again tried at the following Assizes. It was a nice point at law whether the man could be sentenced to execution again; intercession was made on his behalf, and a full and free pardon granted him.

Drunken Barnaby in his "Book of Travels" alludes to Bartendale, at York:

"Here a piper apprehended,  
Was found guilty and suspended;

What did happen is no fiction,  
For cut down and quick interred,  
Earth rejected what was buried;  
Half alive or dead he rises,  
Got a pardon next assizes,  
And in York continued blowing—  
Yet a sense of goodness showing."

Perhaps the most curious case is that of Francois de Cville, who wrote an account of his own adventures. He was wounded by an arquebus in the siege of Rouen in 1562, whilst ascending the wall, and fell back into the moat, where he lay unconscious. When the dead were buried after the engagement, he had earth thrown over him and some other corpses that lay near. His valet, hearing where he had fallen, came in quest of him, to recover his body and give it more respectable burial, and took with him an officer of the guards. They dug up together two or three bodies that had been partially interred, but they were so covered with mud that they were not recognisable, and they reburied them. The servant and the officer were leaving, when the former said that one of the corpses was not completely covered, as the hand was out. They went back, and were in the act of heaping earth over the hand, when the moon shone out and sparkled in a diamond on one of the fingers. The guard stooped to recover the ring, when the valet exclaimed that it was that of his master. The body was now disinterred again, and removed to the Huguenot camp, where the surgeons scouted the idea that it had life in it. The faithful servant, undeterred, conveyed it to a house where it remained for five days and nights without token of consciousness, but with fever replacing the icy coldness that had possessed it in the fosse. Before he was recovered, he was flung out of the window by some soldiers of the enemy, but fell on a dunghill, where he lay for three days and nights. Finally he recovered, and on

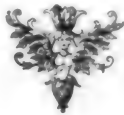
the expulsion of the Protestants from France, retired in 1585 to England. He wrote his own life in 1606, when aged seventy, forty-four years after his double burial. There is a horrible book entitled "*De Miraculis Mortuorum*," published at the beginning of last century, that narrates a series of tales concerning discoveries made in graves, discoveries that pointed to a continued low state of vegetative existence after the soul had left the body—stories of their nibbling at their shrouds, snacking their lips, turning over in their coffins, retaining their colour, opening their eyes, uttering exclamations, and the like. Almost certainly the stories of the Vampyres prevalent in many countries are due to interment before death has really set in.

In 1732 a commission was appointed to enquire into the condition of affairs in some villages in Servia, where the people were in a condition of panic in the belief that the dead revisited their homes and sucked the blood of their relatives. The Commissioners dug up a number of those who had been recently interred, and found many of them not only incorrupt, but with joints flexible, colour in their cheeks, and the eyes still fresh. They drove stakes through all such, though some groaned and cried out when so treated. The whole account, which is infinitely horrible, is printed in Horst's "*Zauberbibliothek*" (1821). The Commissioners, who had received orders from Vienna to act, were quite unable to account for the phenomena, and it never

for a moment occurred to their minds that the case was one of a widespread cataleptic or epileptic epidemic having come on the Servian peasantry, and that these bodies were not really dead. The fresh air revived them, and when they showed signs of restored animation they were at once condemned as Vampyres and a stake driven through them. The Commissioners acted under Prince Alexander of Würtemberg, who was Stadtholder of Servia at the time for the Emperor Charles VI.

The following sad circumstance occurred in November, 1891, in Montauban.

"A young married lady, Madame Joffis, who lived at Mirabel, near Montauban, had a cataleptic seizure when in child-bed two days ago, and there was no sign of returning animation, which indeed was not expected, as the lady's friends all believed her dead. The funeral was arranged, and carried out, and the mourners returned to the house. Shortly afterwards the undertaker casually remarked that when the corpse was put into the coffin he noticed that the bed was slightly warm where the body had lain. On hearing this the husband instantly went to the burial ground and had the coffin taken from the grave and opened. To his horror he then found the body turned over, the shroud torn, and the fingers of one hand bleeding, as if from a desperate attempt to remove the coffin lid. But it was too late; his wife, who was undoubtedly alive when buried, had since been suffocated."

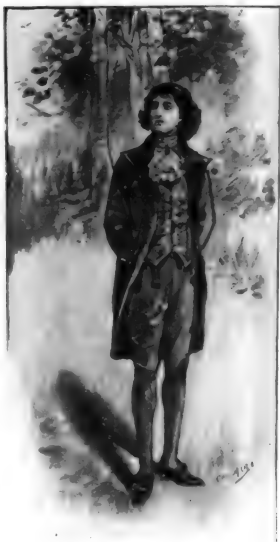




"La Lorgnette," an amusing and truthful satire on human raillery, is the work of Pons (de Verdun); it has been printed by Gustave Masson in "La Lyre Française."

AT Luxembourg it is my way  
 To take my spyglass and to spy.  
 I spied a lame man yesterday,  
 Laughing at one who'd lost an eye;  
 In turn the one-eyed laughed to see  
 A dumpy hunchback, while with glee  
 The hunchback, skilled in raillery,  
 Fooling a deaf man all his bent,  
 Kept a whole crowd in merriment.

Five or six paces down the street  
 A little singer next I meet—  
 He at a dancing master giggled,  
 Who at an actor smirked and wriggled.



He points at poet.

A little farther on I find  
 A man, whose gravity profound  
 Showed plainly mathematic mind—  
 He points at poet strolling round  
 In dreamy search of rhyming sound.

I pass along, and think the scene  
 At last must surely alter quite.  
 Not so; I spy a Capuchin  
 There grinning at a Carmelite;  
 The Carmelite at abbot spruce;  
 The abbot spruce at a gendarme;  
 The gendarme at a satined goose  
 Whose gait bespeaks the Law's alarm;  
 His Worship, with a waggish air,  
 Surveys a Goodman standing there

Just come by coach—mistake who can  
 A true Limousin gentleman—  
 His handkerchief in one hand flying,  
 His pocket-flaps the other tying.  
 Such the world's way—where'er you be  
 Each laughs some neighbour fool to  
 see;  
 And looking backward up our street  
 You'll own the proof is quite complete.

Tired out with all the sights I'd met,  
 I sat and called for the gazette;  
 A little fellow, dressed in black,  
 Stole up and whispered at my back,  
 "Good evening, sir—'twixt you and me,  
 I've laughed at your glass heartily."

HUTCHESON MACAULAY POSNETT.



The Carmelite at abbot spruce.



BY TRISTRAM K. MONCK.

THE Nawab would see the Police Commissioner if he would step this way, and accordingly the said Police Commissioner did step along the corridor indicated by his guide, and was soon ushered into the presence of a little, keen-eyed man, resplendent in crimson silk and jewels, who was the afore-mentioned Nawab. The Police Commissioner salaamed.

"Greeting." The Nawab inclined his head stately, indicating an adjacent chair with a sweep of his hand. "Be seated at your ease, Feringhee; the ears are then ever more open. First, let me crave your pardon for summoning you to my side at this season of the year, when big game naturally attracts you more than does your calling. Yet when I say that I need a man of more than ordinary skill and daring, you will, I feel assured, forgive me thus disturbing your enjoyment. The name of the Sahib Harold Benyon is well known to me as the synonym of a man who has an experience far beyond his years, and who has unravelled many an intricate mystery." The Nawab smiled affably.

"Your Highness supplements the honour which he has paid me by desir-

ing my presence, with praise which is, I fear, unmerited," replied Benyon modestly.

"Those who know me well," answered the Nawab, "say that I have never praised or depreciated a man beyond his due."

Benyon inclined his head.

"And in what does your Highness desire my aid?" he asked curiously.

"In the preservation of my life."

"Eh? Is it possible that so gentle a sovereign's life can be in danger? Your Highness must be the prey of a delusion, for on every side have I heard your name extolled as belonging to a ruler who had but the interests of his people at heart."

Benyon glanced enquiringly at the Nawab.

"Such has been my aim in life," said the Nawab slowly; "and it is not against the people that I desire to direct your skill, for they, I know, esteem my rule. No, Sahib, it is against one of the blood royal that I must guard, and him I know. But first let me tell my tale. You are aware, Sahib, that when my father died three years ago, I came to the throne, which caused jealousy to

Segtha Ram, my brother, the son of my father's second wife, who had hoped to rule. We are of the same age, a fact which serves but to increase his hatred of me. Had it but depended on me alone, I should have resigned my position, and let him reign as Nawab, but your Queen, whom the gods preserve! was pleased to favour my claim, and I became ruler of this State. Segtha Ram I had thought till yesterday had accepted his defeat, but such is not the case evidently, for on retiring to rest, Avi Mun, one of my truest counsellors, came to me in great perturbation, and told me that a plot was on foot to assassinate me, that half my Court had been induced to turn traitors, and that the conspirators now only await a favourable moment to murder me!"

Benyon thought deeply for a few moments, and then said:

"Who is the head of this movement?"

"I do not know, though I shrewdly suspect that it is Segtha Ram. Who but he should desire my death? None else would profit by it!"

"You know then no names, your Highness?"

"None, Sahib, else had they been dead by now."

"And this Avi Mun, is he not some relation of your Highness?" asked Benyon.

"A distant cousin, Sahib, my truest friend, beloved by the people, and who would die for me."

"Was he desirous that your Highness should arrest your brother?"

"Very," replied the Nawab, after a slight hesitation. "He was convinced of his guilt, and as a proof of the same gave me a scrap of paper, with a message written in the hand of my brother."

The frown cleared from Benyon's face.

"Ah!" said he brightly. "And this message, your Highness? Have you it by you?"

"It is here," replied the Nawab, opening a sandalwood box which stood on a small table at his elbow, and taking a small scrip from its recesses handed it to Benyon, who rose to receive it. The Commissioner carefully unrolled it, and scanned the solitary line it contained, which was:

"The time is now ripe, brethren."

"Well, Sahib?" said the Nawab. "That shows but scant light on the subject. Is it not so, my friend?"

"This is the handwriting of your Highness's brother?"

"So Avi Mun says."

"Has your Highness then never seen it?"

"No, hardly ever. You will readily comprehend that we rarely, if ever, corresponded, whereas Avi Mun has often noted it relative to State matters," replied the Nawab carelessly.

"I see! Your Highness's brother is



"It is here," replied the Nawab, opening a sandalwood box.

in the Government?"

"Segtha Ram is to this State what the Prime Minister is to England," answered the Nawab.

"Thank you! That is all the information I require from your Highness at present. Have I your permission to retire?"

"Come and go as it pleases you, Benyon Sahib," said the Nawab graciously. "And if you save me from my enemies, as I trust and feel sure that you will, rest assured that you will not find me ungrateful!"

Harold Benyon bowed, and, taking his departure, straightway proceeded to conduct his investigations with stealthy intentness, whilst ostensibly pretending to look at all that was curious in the palace, as was in keeping with the rôle he had assumed of visitor to the Nawab.

That evening Benyon retired early to rest, to work out the problem which had been set him. He had a theory, which had been strengthened during the day by sundry events, yet the theory had not blossomed out into a fact, and it was this latter which the Commissioner desired. Dawn was commencing to break before he thought of retiring to sleep, and he had just risen from his chair when he was arrested from putting his thought into execution by the sound of rapid footfalls along the passage leading to his room, and the next moment Avi Mun, breathless, turbanless and dishevelled, dashed into the room, crying brokenly:

"Sahib! Awake! The Nawab has been assassinated!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Benyon, horror-struck at the suddenness of the



"Sahib! Awake! The Nawab has been assassinated!"

tragedy. "What have you done to discover the assassin?"

"I have stationed a guard around the chamber door, with strict orders to allow none to pass within unless they have a pass from me."

Benyon smiled approvingly.

"You do not need to go far for the assassin," said he meaningly. "Only one could benefit by your ruler's death."

"As the Sahib justly observes, only one could have done the crime," replied Avi Mun smiling. "And that one is going to be arrested within the hour."

Again Benyon smiled approvingly.

"Write me out a pass," he said briefly. "I was a surgeon before I became a Government agent; I should like to see the Nawab."



"But—"

"Pardon me, I am at the present moment Plenipotentiary for British affairs in this locality, as well as special Ambassador at the Court here on special service," remarked Benyon with a great deal of bounce. "Therefore, in the great Queen's name, I demand to see the Nawab's corpse."

Avi Mun bowed profoundly as he wrote out the required order, which Benyon pocketed, and then, without bestowing a backward glance on

Benyon returned to his chamber, and taking a medicine chest from under his couch, returned and hurriedly bound up the Nawab's wound; then, as a tremor of the Nawab's eyelids indicated returning consciousness, the Police Commissioner administered an anæsthetic. His next step was to see Avi Mun, to whom he stated that the Nawab was dead, as he had told him.

"I am leaving on the morrow," he concluded. "And as I desire to see the burial done, and justice have its way be-



The procession was watched somewhat interestedly by two persons.

the native, left the room and went direct to the Nawab's death-chamber.

The scroll which he held gained for Benyon an easy entrance, and hastily glancing at the Nawab's inert form, he realised, to his surprise, that he was not dead. A blue hole somewhat high up on the left breast gave the solution as to how his death had been attempted, and a closer inspection revealed that the bullet had drilled its way out of the body through the omoplatus without breaking the bone.

fore I go, the Nawab must be buried to-night, and Segtha Ram beheaded to-morrow."

"The wishes of the Great White Queen's emissary shall be respected."

"Then when the sun rises let the bearers be without the chamber of Death. I have spoken!"

Avi Mun bowed profoundly, and when he raised his head again Benyon had disappeared.

The sun had barely raised its lurid crest above the eastern horizon, before the heavy tramp of soldiers was heard

without the death chamber. This came to a stop, and six men, bearing a shutter-like platform on their shoulders, entered the room.

"In the name of Avi Mun," they exclaimed, addressing Benyon. He nodded, and indicated a tightly-tied, sheeted figure lying on the couch. This they raised on to the platform-like bier, then left the room, and five minutes later were carrying the body through the city, guarded by some three hundred soldiers with Avi Mun at their head, for burial outside the walls.

The procession was watched somewhat interestedly by two persons, the Police Commissioner and a native, whose features were contracted with pain, but who, despite all the agony he was enduring, smiled as he glanced at what the people supposed was his own funeral.

"So you say that you have solved the problem of yesterday?" he said steely. "You know who attempted my life, and who is at the head of this conspiracy?"

"I have. From the first I guessed—"

"I desire facts, Sahib! not guesses," interrupted Benyon's companion impatiently.

"Your Highness, I have the facts. Do you see this written pass? And this message which Avi Mun gave you?"

Benyon placed the scrips before the Nawab, who started.

"Compare the writing."

"It is critical!"

"The next clue, then." Benyon took a bullet from his pocket, together with a pistol and a revolver. "This is the bullet with which your Highness's life was attempted. Do you recognise this weapon?" He handed the Nawab the revolver.

"It is my brother's. His hobby is Western weapons."

"Precisely," replied Benyon coolly.

"I found this bullet embedded in the cushion on which you lay. I also found this revolver in the room—"

"Then the case is clear," cried the Nawab, sipping some wine. "By the gods, Segtha Ram—"

"As your Highness says, the case is clear," interrupted Benyon. "This bul-

let was never fired from this revolver; it is too large for the weapon's bore. It, however, was shot from this old pistol, which I filched from the room—"

"Of whom?" cried the Nawab excitedly.

"Of Avi Mun!"

"Then the head conspirator—the arch traitor—the would-be murderer is—?"

"Avi Mun. The case was an idiotically clear one for me to find out who the culprit was," laughed Benyon gaily. "Your Highness now knows on whom to sit in judgment."

"By the gods, he will never see me sit in judgment again," said the Nawab weakly. "Come, Sahib, your arm. I am stiff from my wound, cramped by the somewhat long sojourn I spent in that closet in which you placed me whilst making up that dummy of linen and bricks—"

"Pardon me, your Highness, it was the body of a soldier who had died in the night, outside the western door of your room, a corridor, luckily for the success of my stratagem, usually very deserted."

"True, Sahib, owing to the rambles of the ghost of my grandfather, none ever dared guard that doorway save Bamrah Sing," said the Nawab, rising with difficulty. "Eh me! Where shall I find such another as he? But tell me, Sahib, why did you let this Avi Mun quit the palace? Why did you not denounce him?"

"Because, your Highness, he will bring Segtha Ram back with him to be a scapegoat for his supposed crime. Aye! he will hail himself Nawab ere he reaches the palace—"

"Well?"

"He will thus weave the last mesh in the net I am drawing around him for his destruction."

"And then?"

"Having by his own lips declared his treason—" Benyon paused, then glanced steadily at the Nawab as he added, "Treason is, I believe, punishable, your Highness?"

"Yes!" cried the Nawab. "In my land, anyway, it is. Your arm, Sahib."

I have lost much blood, and am weak. I will await this—this fellow in the Audience Hall."

The surprise of the palace officials can only be termed consternation, when they beheld the Nawab walking in their midst again. At first, deeming him a ghost, they bolted from the Audience Hall, till the Nawab recalled them exclaiming:

"He who warns Avi Mun that I am alive dies ere the sun is a day older! Ayjah Sing," he continued, addressing the gigantic captain of his guard, "summon your men!"

The amazed soldier salaamed, and hardly knowing what he did, summoned the soldiery, who, incredulous that the Nawab yet lived, trooped in to the number of three hundred.

"I demand silence of everyone within the palace," cried the Nawab steelily. "There is a conspiracy afoot that I shall stamp out. If I fail, the Feringhees will do so for me. There are traitors amid my soldiers; let them remain so, and be repaid for their deeds by steel, and let those who are faithful remain true to me, for they shall be amply rewarded."

Half an hour passed, then a dull shouting without the palace announced the return of the funeral cortège. Soon the shouting took shape. Mingled with the tramp of soldiers, and the clatter of horses' hoofs, rose the cry:

"Hail, Avi Mun, Nawab! Death to Segtha Ram!"

A frown crept over the haggard face of the Nawab as he heard the shouts; then he muttered:

"Aye, come in to take your seat, Avi Mun!"

The shouts and the tramp of men grew nearer and nearer, till at last the



"Welcome, Avi Mun," cried the Nawab languidly, as the traitor entered the hall.

latter could be heard in the corridor without the audience chamber, the body-guard drawing up close around the Nawab at a signal from Ayjah Sing.

"Welcome, Avi Mun," cried the Nawab languidly, as the traitor entered the hall, closely followed by some soldiery dragging the hapless Segtha Ram along in their midst.

"Your Highness!" exclaimed Avi Mun in amazement. "You—What cursed jugglery is this?—I have—Curse it! What have I buried?"

"My guard, Bamrah Sing," replied the Nawab blandly. "I am alive!"

Avi Mun's features displayed a wondrous combination of murderous hatred, astonishment, cunning, and foiled am-

bition. With something like an oath, he turned to the executioner, exclaiming:

"Go, fellow; as the Nawab lives your services are not required."

"Stay!" cried the Nawab. "His services are needed, and if not for Segtha Ram, for Avi Mun!"

"Is this the way your Highness rewards fidelity?" demanded the condemned man insolently.

In a clear, concise way Benyon brought his crime home to him by way of reply, ending by saying:

"The wonderful anxiety you displayed to fix your crime on Segtha Ram was the first thing which put me on your track; the rest was easy when once my suspicion was aroused, for a greater blunderer than you it has never been my fortune to meet with."

For a few moments Avi Mun stood dazed, then, addressing his soldiers, cried:

"Remember your oath! I proclaim myself Nawab here! Down with the tyrant!"

Drawing his tulwar, he darted forward, his men remaining motionless, however, whilst he himself was confronted by a hedge of spear-heads.

"Executioner, take this man without, and do your duty," cried the Nawab weakly. "Release my brother! Benyon Sahib,—I—leave me not for a few days.—I desire to thank—you!"

Avi Mun fought like a tiger when he found himself in the grip of his former partisans, and as he was led out to meet his doom, the Nawab, who was destined to rule his country for another decade, fainted.



## IN THE LAND OF THE CONQUEROR.

BY C. C. STRAND.

THE busy Londoner, who, during the summer months, likes to spend his week-end away from everything that can remind him of his business or his profession, is often puzzled as to which of the easily accessible Continental towns is likely to afford him most pleasure. Of those I have myself visited in this manner, Boulogne, Dieppe, Ostend, and Caen, I should unhesitatingly select the latter. There are so many reasons why an Englishman should select Caen as a holiday resort that, to save myself trouble, I will only mention one of

Tennyson, the kindest heart amongst us would not object to see a record of his name in the Doomsday Book.

So that to visit Normandy is for an Englishman something like returning to his half-forgotten birthplace. The town of Caen itself, apart from all other considerations, presents many attractions to the tourist, whether he is in search of the picturesque and the mediæval or merely escaping from the ninety-nine per cent. routine of daily life. By leaving London on a Saturday afternoon and embarking at Newhaven the



Place de la République, Caen.

them. To start with, it is a Norman town, and although we call ourselves Anglo-Saxons, we each of us have a hankering for William the Conqueror and the Conquerors who came with him, and who, up to the present, if we tell the truth, have formed the aristocracy of intellect and daring in this country.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,  
Tis only noble to be good.  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood

has been so often quoted that it has now become a platitude, and in spite of

same night, the tourist can sleep on board. The steamer reaches Ouistreham the next morning about six, and passes up the canal to the quaint old town of Caen. The Norman is an early riser, and by the time the boat arrives he has thrown open his shutters, and has arranged his wares on the pavement for the invasion of customers, for Sunday is market day.

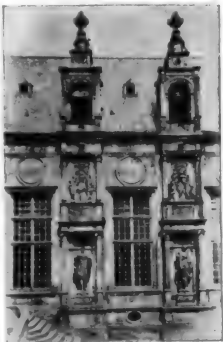
There are baskets upon baskets of fruit and vegetables, crockery, blouses, and other finery. There is the butcher and the baker, and, by no means least, the candlestick-maker. The latter's shop in itself is worth a visit, as his wares

are works of art. Candles beautifully and wonderfully made can be seen everywhere, together with images of saints, crucifixes, and other emblems of the Catholic faith.

The first object of interest after leaving the port is the Church of Saint Peter (Eglise St. Pierre). The spire is two hundred and sixty feet high, and is one of the oldest parts of the edifice, being built in 1308; while the most beautiful part, the five chapels nestled together at the opposite end, were built two hundred and ten years later by Hector Sohier, and took twenty-seven years to complete. It is at the Place Saint Pierre, too, where the two main streets of Caen meet—the Rue St. Jean and the Rue St. Pierre, in which the activity is greatest, and in which are the principal bazaars, cafés, and shops.

Nearly facing the Eglise St. Pierre is the Hotel d'Ecoville. It is in a court, so that unless the tourist looks for it, or happens to see it by chance, he is apt to pass it unnoticed. This, together with the Eglise St. Pierre, is one of the

Eglise St. Pierre, and reached by a short street, is the Castle of Caen. It stands on an eminence commanding the town, and its ancient gateway is well worth seeing. It was built by William after his



The Ancient House of Vallois.



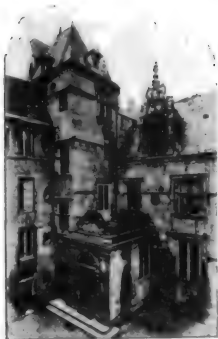
The Ancient House of Vallois.

principal examples of the Renaissance period in the town. It was built in 1538 for Nicolas le Vallois, Seigneur of Eco-ville, and is now used as the Bourse and Chamber of Commerce. Facing the

conquest of England, and formed his favourite residence. It is now used as barracks, and consequently visitors are not permitted to enter.

Close to the Castle is the Church of the Holy Trinity, originally a convent for ladies, founded by Queen Mathilde, the wife of William the Conqueror, in 1066, for the reception of the daughters of nobles desiring to live a monastic life. It is open daily from twelve to two, and all day on Sundays. Like nearly all churches in Caen, it shows signs of decay. I am not referring to the natural decay which buildings of such age must necessarily show, but to the ruin into which a building quickly falls if not constantly watched and attended to.

The Eglise de la Trinité is built on the same level as the Castle, and commands a fine view of the town, and the tourist can see at the opposite side the two spires of the Church of St. Stephen (Eglise St. Etienne), originally the Abbey of Men (L'Abbaye aux Hommes), built by William the Conqueror in 1064 in



Ancient House de Than.

expiation of his marriage to his cousin Mathilde, daughter of the Duke of Flanders, which he contracted prior to receiving approbation to his divorce by the Pope. It is one of the most beautiful churches in Normandy.

The largest square in Caen is the Place de la Republique, which, of course, formerly was called the "Place Royal," and as some of the owners of the surrounding buildings apparently have their doubts about the stability of the Republic, they have, with great foresight, retained the former nomination on their houses.

On one side of the square is the Town Hall (Hotel de Ville) containing the Public Library and the Picture Gallery, which are open on Sundays and Thursdays from eleven to four, but can be visited by foreigners at any time during the day by applying to the concierge. The Museum contains more than three hundred paintings of great value and importance, and naturally a predominance of pictures of the

Battle of Hastings and the Conquest of England by William I. In the centre of the Place de la Republique is a bandstand, and the flower beds around it are laid out in beautiful style. In one of the recesses is a statue of Auber, who, like the other well-known composer Choron, was born at Caen. So were the poets Malherbe, Segrais, and Malfilâtre; the author Daniel Huet, and Andre Graindorge, a weaver, who demonstrated the possibilities of art in the weaving of fine damasks. In the same square are two small bronze groups, exquisitely modelled. They represent two boys birds'-nesting. In the first, the parent birds, which are not of the dove-like nature, are punishing the boys by pecking out their eyes,

blinding one boy. In the companion group, a snake is shown to bite and, I suppose, kill the other boy, probably out of jealousy for being deprived of a meal off the young birds. These bronzes probably illustrate some fable, but it struck me that the punishment more than fitted the crime. However, if the sight of the little bronze figures prevent the Caen boys from in-



St. Pierre.



The Castle Entrance.

terfering with birds' nests, their purpose is well-served.

Caen is a city of surprises. The tourist sees only the outer shell, but its kernel is rich in mediæval architecture. It is the courts and passages between the houses that are so wonderfully artistic. The most beautiful examples of wood carvings can be found side by side with crude beams and raw masonry. Everything appears to be in a state of decay, except the exquisite carvings, the artistic door-panels, the beautiful brass work, and the pleasing old-fashioned arches, staircases, and ceilings,



St. Etienne.

that seem to have been made for all time.

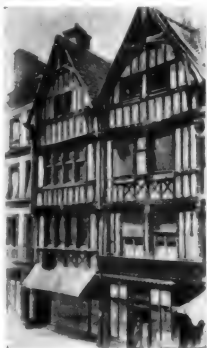
If the tourist walks into one of the passages, perchance he will have to step over a dish of dough for the family bread, left outside to rise, and he will wonder why it is put on the floor of the passage, where cats and dogs may be sniffing about. It is a puzzle difficult for a foreigner to solve. Experiences such as these will fill the visitor with curiosity, as they are recurring throughout the day. He wonders, too, why there are no watercarts, when every clean housewife and every crossing-sweeper



St. Etienne.

throws up clouds of dust, as they sweep with brushwood brooms.

Caen is a rare place for dogs, but probably they seem more numerous to the visitor than in other towns, as attention is attracted to them by the fact that they are frequently to be seen drawing small conveyances, such as



Old Houses in Rue St. Pierre.



milk, fruit, and even luggage carts. After a day's sight-seeing in Caen, I recommend the visitor to try the far-famed dish of "tripe," which is cooked in a peculiar way, and is known and ap-

preciated as "Caen tripe" all over France. But it would be making a task of pleasure to visit them all, just as it would be setting myself a task to describe them.

Leaving Caen on Monday afternoon,

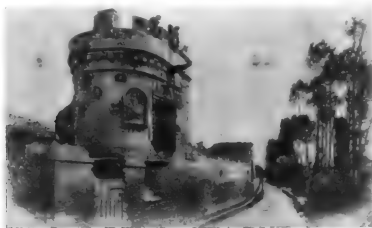


Church of the Trinity, L'Abbaye Aux Dames.

preciated as "Caen tripe" all over France.

The night's rest at a Caen hotel recuperates the tourist for fresh efforts on the Monday, as before the boat sails in the afternoon, he has time to visit the

of the Society of Antiquaries. But it would be making a task of pleasure to visit them all, just as it would be setting myself a task to describe them.



The Tower Des Gens D'Armes (16th Century).

other beautiful churches and interesting museums, such as the Eglise St. Sauveur, Eglise de la Gloriette, the houses of Malherbe in the Rue d'Odon, and Huet in the Rue Jean, and the Museum

of the Society of Antiquaries. But it would be making a task of pleasure to visit them all, just as it would be setting myself a task to describe them.

# THE POSTER ACADEMY.

BY ITS "HON. SCRIBE,"

AUSTIN FRYERS.

IT is said that the "boom" in picture posters is dying out. If that be the case, it is a serious matter for the public, for hoardings are not diminishing in size, nor are posters decreasing in number. It consequently follows—if the statement be true—that we are lapsing into the condition of things which existed before Dudley Hardy invented the artistic poster, and that soon each hoarding will be an eyesore, as it was in the period I refer to.

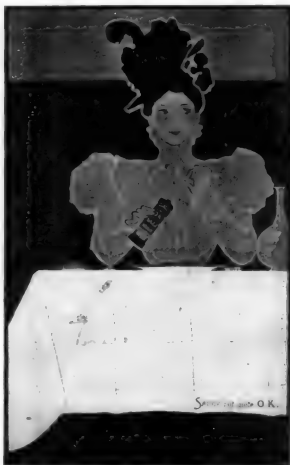
I do not think there is much in the rumour; in fact, I do not believe it to be true. Within the past year or so, some of the very best posters that have ever been printed have appeared on our walls, such as Mr. Cecil Aldin's "Cadbury's Cocoa" and Mr. J. Hassall's famous series of "Colman's Mustard" posters. It is not only as easy, but it is positively easier to print the design of a first-class poster artist than the confused colour outrage

of a dauber; as the artist understands the limitations of his particular art, and also how to secure the best results in printing. Frequently it will be found

that by the co-operation of art a decided economy is effected, as the genuine poster artist is able to achieve effects by the employment of a few colours, which even a good artist who has not studied the limitations of poster art would not be able to reach even by a more elaborate colour scheme, which would entail considerably more expense in the process of reproduction.

Poster art may be termed the highest expression of the principle of elimination. In other words, how to produce the best picture by the employment of the least means.

No artists at home or abroad have achieved greater success in this direction than the Beggarstaff Brothers. Their famous poster for "Harper's Magazine" is a striking instance of this achievement.



LEWIS BAUMER.

Printed by W. H. Smith & Son, London, E.C.



JOHN HASSALL.

*Printed by David Allen & Sons, Ltd., Harrow.*

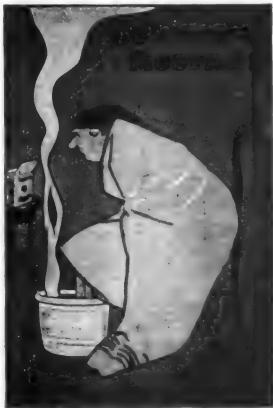
A few black lines on a red surface, with the white ground allowed to peep through here and there, and you have a perfect picture of a sturdy beefeater grasping his staff in the grand old mediæval manner of which he is one of the few surviving types. Go near it, and the outlines are not complete; it is a thing of "shreds and patches" in line work. But then, posters are not for near inspection. They are to arrest your attention when "skied" on a hoarding, to strike you at the far end of a street when you enter it on a 'bus. These are the great qualities of true posters, and the effect can only be achieved by a masterly conception of elimination.

To understand thoroughly the effect, you have but to ask yourself what would be the use of a Dutch picture, with all its masterly minutiae, as a poster. Put aside the cost of reproduction—which would be very great—and realise that to thoroughly admire it, even to realise that it had a quality worth admiring, it

would be necessary to stop the 'bus, get down, and go close up to it. Such a poster, if skied, would be utterly lost; at a distance it is but a patch of colour.

On the other hand, the Beggarstaff poster to which I have referred has every quality which appeals to the artistic sense in its sturdy, lifelike, and absolutely truthful drawing; while it has the supreme essential quality that it is taken in and understood at a glance by the man in the street.

The picture in the street will never do, for the street is not a place to congregate even for such an ideal purpose as to admire an ideal hoarding, should we ever possess one—the policeman will see to that. The poster must appeal to the man in a hurry to be of any value, advertising or artistic; and that poster possesses the supreme quality which strikes a man as he is running to catch a train, and, by lingering in his memory, induces him to purchase the periodical, cigar, or liquor it advertises, if he find on reaching the station that he has five minutes to spare.




JOHN HASSALL.

*Printed by David Allen & Sons, Ltd., Harrow.*

This, it may be said, is to place the needs of the advertiser first.

Quite frankly I confess it. The poster is the advertisers' medium, and advertisers' requirements must be the first consideration with the poster artist. It is the advertiser who pays for the poster and commissions the poster artist; he must be well served, consequently, by the latter, or he will revert to those horrors

The art of the poster, apart from the advertisement it embodies, is almost wholly decorative. This fact has become so apparent that there has long since grown up a demand for posters which are wholly decorative and are not intended for an advertising purpose. In obedience to this demand Mucha and other celebrated poster artists have produced poster art panels which have a



**HARPER'S**  
is the largest  
and most popular  
**MAGAZINE**  
yet owing to its  
enormous sale  
and in spite of  
the great expense  
of production  
the price is  
**STILL**  
**ONE SHILLING**

*G. G. G. G.*

73 x 40

BEGGARSTAFF BROTHERS.

of the early days of lithography, and fill our hoardings once more with colour nightmares of "fire," "rustic," "perspective," and other weird letters which still have a vogue with fifth-rate theatrical touring companies in the "smalls."

The poster must be an advertisement to have a reason for existence, but it should be artistic if the advertiser desires to avoid insulting the public.

grace, delicacy, and simplicity which constitute a distinct novelty in artistic decoration. Walls decorated by panels, produced in accordance with the principles of poster art, assume a rich and artistic appearance only equalled by mural decorations of the highest excellence within the reach only of the limited circles of the very wealthy.

It is not, however, with this side of



TOM BROWNE.

*Printed by Tom Browne & Co., Nottingham.*

poster art I am concerned, as the publication of such efforts depends altogether

on the amount of patronage accorded by the public. In the case of the street poster, it is, however, a very different matter, as we are entirely at the mercy of the advertiser, who, by purchasing a space on a hoarding, can affront us with the grossest possible outrage on artistic sense, so long as it does not outrage the policeman's notion of decency.

We have been told sometimes that poster art is the exclusive possession of Continental countries, and this has been advanced as some reason why we should not try to foster that imported exotic, the artistic poster.

If anyone really believed this, the recent International Advertisers' Exhibition at the Crystal Palace furnished ample and convincing proof of the absurdity of the statement. To France undoubtedly belongs the honour of being the birthplace of the artistic poster, and to Jules Cheret is the honour of being its creator. Mucha, too, has retained for France the highest distinction in this delightful and improving art; but, viewing the art and its votaries as a whole, it is impossible, or rather quite inaccurate, to say that England lags behind. Indeed, I will go further, and claim, as I have before now



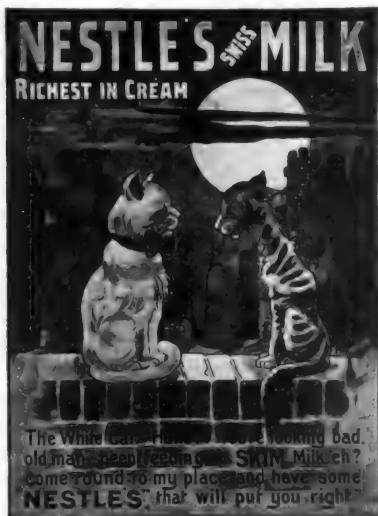
*How Tom Browne settles a knotty point.*



claimed, that England not only stands in the forefront, but, in one respect—that of humorous expression—out-distances all competitors.

The exhibition at the Crystal Palace afforded an excellent opportunity of testing this view, as there was a most admirable international collection then collected and exhibited in the sections

able. When, however, it came down to the essential qualities, an unprejudiced observer would be obliged to admit that in the expression of humour the contest for first place lay entirely between England and Germany, and that the first easily bore the palm. The humour of the German poster artist is entirely grotesque, and not infrequently coarse,



WILL TEEZ.

Printed by Waterlow & Sons, Ltd., London, E.C.

allotted to the various countries. In richness and restraint of colouring it would be impossible to surpass the Italian posters; the French, for sheer effectiveness, retained all their well-recognised distinction; Germany, too, with its striking colouring and daring design, demanded especial attention; while America sent examples of beautiful and artistic poster work in every way admir-

whereas in the humour of the English poster artist there is such a refinement and subtlety that to compare it with the German humour is like comparing polished comedy to harlequinade buffoonery.

A typical instance of English poster humour is Hassall's "Colman's Mustard," in which a weary wanderer to Klondyke is shown sitting on the snow warming





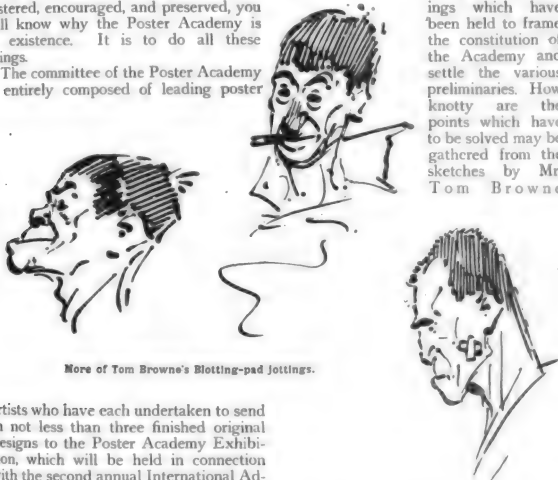
himself by a faggot fire, the only suggestion of heat being a tin of mustard, which takes the place of the longed-for flames on top.

I have said a good deal about poster art, and very little about the Poster Academy. The reason is that if I have made it clear why poster art should be fostered, encouraged, and preserved, you will know why the Poster Academy is in existence. It is to do all these things.

The committee of the Poster Academy is entirely composed of leading poster

given to the project by practically all the well-known men is an earnest that their very best efforts will be put forth to give poster art next year its highest expression.

Another proof of the interest taken by the committee is the excellent attendance at the various meetings which have been held to frame the constitution of the Academy and settle the various preliminaries. How knotty are the points which have to be solved may be gathered from the sketches by Mr. Tom Browne



More of Tom Browne's Blotting-pad jottings.

artists who have each undertaken to send in not less than three finished original designs to the Poster Academy Exhibition, which will be held in connection with the second annual International Advertisers' Exhibition at the Crystal Palace next year. Artists or "posterists" in general who desire to become members—the subscription is half-a-guinea a year—should address their applications to me at the offices of the Poster Academy, 20, Victoria Street, S.W., and submit not more than three specimens of their work. Election rests with the committee.

Next year's Poster Academy Exhibition should give an immense impetus to poster art in this country. The hearty and enthusiastic support which has been

which I have sent herewith for reproduction. They were drawn on his blotting pad at our last committee meeting at 20, Victoria Street, and I brought them away in case the housekeeper might think us other than the staid and stolid debaters which is now her estimate of us. I hope the reader will also not conclude that Tom was not attending strictly to business, although his mind for a few moments undoubtedly wandered to the London Sketch Club.



## OUR CAUSERIE.

**A Short Season.** The season gets shorter every year, and the gaieties are crammed into a smaller space. Very few social events take place after the end of June, and next year we may have hostesses giving apologetic entertainments "to see if they cannot brighten up July." The season goes out suddenly like the snuff of a candle, and the day comes when there are only a couple of letters on the eight o'clock tea-tray, instead of the pile of notes and invitation cards which have loaded it up till then. Then one realises that the season has suddenly died, and that all one's daily companions will soon be scattered to the four quarters of the earth.

**And Rather a Dull One.** Truth to say, the season has not been one of the gayest. We have been too much surrounded by wars and rumours of wars, and so many families have been in mourning. The Queen expressed a wish that no large balls should be given, and concerts have been very generally substituted by the hostesses.

**Some Musical Parties.** One of the most successful musical parties of the season was given by Sir Edward and Lady Sassoon. Some six-

teen hundred invitations were sent out, and they were eagerly responded to, for everyone was interested to see the wonderful house in Park Lane which was once the property of Mr. Barnato. It has been entirely redecorated by the new owners, and a colony of French workmen were busy over it for more than a year. The ball-room is an exact reproduction of Marie Antoinette's Hall of Mirrors at Versailles. The difficulty of arranging the looking-glasses so that they should give the correct reflections was very great, no such feat having been attempted in modern times. Mr. Robert Harvey, of Palace Gate, gave a beautiful musical party during the season, and a very successful one was given by Mrs. Jules de Meray, of 1, Rutland Gate. Everything was beautifully arranged, and a very attractive programme was provided. There were songs by Miss Curnow, Miss Norah Newport, Herr Josef Claus, and Mr. and Mrs. Martyn van Lennep, and a 'cello solo by Miss Ethel Benningfield. Miss Curnow displayed a fine voice in a song called "The Voice of the Sea," by Van Lennep, and Mrs. Van Lennep sang "A Youth Once Loved a Maiden" with great success. Some very effective vocal duets by Mr. Van Lennep were sung by the composer and his talented wife, "The Little Boy's Nightmare" about "seein' things at night" being the best. Mr. Frederic Upton told some of those amusing short stories of his which never fail of their effect. Their art lies a great deal in their brevity. I hear that Mr. Upton subjects his stories to a process of condensation—that it is a case of the survival of the fittest. He tries the effect of his stories on many audiences, and cuts out everything that does not get a laugh.

Some beautiful dresses were worn on this occasion, but no one looked so well as the hostess, who wore an entire dress of Venetian lace over pink satin, relieved with little touches of black and brightened by many diamonds. A beautiful diamond swallow was placed at one side of the décolletage, keeping some folds of black tulle in place. Amongst the numerous guests were Prince and Princess Kalauoalhe (introduced by Sir Somers Vine), Lady and Miss Humphrey, the Hon. Massey Mainwaring, M.P., the Hon. Mrs. Campbell, Colonel Brownrigg, C.B., Lieut. and Mrs. Harvey, R.N., Major and Mrs. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram S. Maxim, Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A., and Mrs. Solomon, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. English, Mr. and Mrs. George Terrell, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Fawell, Mr. Henry de Meray, Mr. and Mrs. Frith, Dr. and Mrs. Stuart Wells, Mr. and Mrs. Hyatt-Woolf, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Tiltman, and Mr. M. Devenish. Mr. Solomon J. Solomon was greatly complimented by many of the guests on his clever and charming portrait of the hostess in the Academy.

#### Many smart weddings

**Smart Weddings.** took place this season, the wedding of Mr. George Grossmith's daughter being a particularly cheery function. All London seemed to be there, and the display of presents was very fine. A curious innovation was introduced by the Walter Cranes, who gave a party on the eve of the wedding instead of on the day itself. The wonderful old house in Holland Street, which was once the abode of Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honour, was crammed to overflowing, and the illuminated gardens were also full of people, as was the great red and white striped tent at the end of the garden. Supper was laid in the tent, and beside the wedding cake was a pretty poster designed by one of the bride's brothers, Mr. Lancelot Crane, with the inscription: "The bride will cut her cake at twelve o'clock." The cake was duly cut, and a loving cup was drank from, first by the happy pair, and

next by the bridegroom with his men friends. The presents were arranged in the bride's boudoir. They were all very artistic, and I particularly admired an eight o'clock tea service with Chanticleer painted on one side of each piece and "Bon jour" inscribed on the other.

There has been a great deal of entertaining at the House this season,

and the Terrace has always been gay at the mystic hour of five o'clock tea. Mr. Arthur Balfour has been one of the principal entertainers, continually giving pleasant parties, both afternoon and evening. His eight o'clock dinners in the Ladies' Room have been particularly successful. Mr. Balfour's great friends are the Asquiths, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Brodric, and these always form a happy circle. Mr. Balfour is very popular among his party, though indolent in his work in the House. He is extremely fond of society, as people are apt to be when they are popular in it. Mr. Asquith did not care much for society in his earlier days, but is now quite a fashionable man, sought after by lords and ladies, and very great at drawing-room teas. His clever wife has been a great help to him socially, and she is always greatly in request. Her witticisms are being constantly repeated, and she has a reputation for writing the oddest little letters. Everyone knows what a good reply she sent to Mr. Benson, when he wrote to assure her that he had not meant her for "Dodo" in his novel, which was the book of that season. ("Have you written a book? How clever!" was her only retort.) A little while since Mrs. Asquith received a letter from a friend asking her for the character of a footman. "My dear,—He's a dear!" came back by return of post—surely the most unconventional "character" ever penned. The Asquiths have a beautiful house in Cavendish Square, and entertain largely. The house was a wedding gift to its fortunate owner. Their dinner parties are very successful, and the welcome cigarette is handed round among the ladies when they return to the drawing-room,

Mrs. Asquith being of opinion that there is no occasion to pass a dull half-hour because one is separated from the men.

Sir Charles Dilke is said to be the most energetic and hard-working man in the House of Commons. He is never out of the House, and most laborious in his work. Sir Charles gives a good many nice little parties at the House, when his right-hand man is always Mr. McKenna. Sir Henry Haworth is often to be seen on the Terrace, and is always in great request at the tea parties, being such a charming raconteur. Mr. Atherley Jones, Q.C., is extremely popular in the House. He is the son of Ernest Jones the Chartist. He is liked for his originality and sterling independence, and when he speaks he is always listened to with great respect by the Tories as well as by his own party. He is very popular amongst his confrères at the Bar, and known for the energy he displays in his cases. He speaks impressively and with great facility. Mrs. Atherley Jones is one of the most amiable women in London, and very popular on her own account. The Atherley Jones's live in the one road in London where there are never any houses to let—Pembroke Road, Kensington. It is quite a distinguished road—Mrs. Jopling lives at one end of it, and Frankfort Moore a few doors off, and there are two Q.C.'s besides the one already mentioned. The attraction lies in the beautiful gardens which lie at the back of the houses—lovely green lawns which date from the days when Kensington was quite a country place. Mr. Frankfort Moore spends all his time in his garden, and the greater part of his delightful novels has been written under the shade of his trees.

Tea on the Terrace.

"First catch your Member" is the watchword of the person who casually accepts the invitation of an M.P. The visitor enters through the St. Stephen's Hall, and not through the main entrance, which can only be passed or repassed in company with a Member

of Parliament. He must give his card to one of the intelligent policemen who are on guard at the entrance to the Lobby, who dispatches it promptly by a messenger. The guest must first write the name of the Member who has invited him at the top of his card, a stumpy pencil being presented to him by the policeman for this purpose before he has finished fumbling for his own. The card dispatched, the guest sits down in the Lobby, and a good deal of time is apt to elapse before the appearance of his host. It is not always the M.P.'s fault. There are so many places where he may be, that the messenger often has trouble to find him. He may be in the reading-room, in the smoking-room, on the Terrace, or possibly in the House itself—though judging from the multitude of Members who are always chasing up and down the Lobby one would fancy that the speakers never had anyone to listen to them. The wait in the Lobby has a pleasing or an exasperating effect, according to the mind of the beholder. It is interesting to the country visitor, who feels excited by the spirit of unrest which is all around, or feels the contrast between the repose of the lofty walls, the old stained glass, the quiet frescoes, and all this restless life passing to and fro before his eyes. To the townsman it is a bit exasperating; he does not enjoy the rôle of banished *peri*, and I have known a very distinguished judge to lose his temper and never regain it after being kept waiting half-an-hour by an M.P.—not even under the influence of the largest of strawberries and the loveliest of tea on the Terrace. But, as a rule, ill-humour vanishes when the Member of Parliament appears—the dapper host, bright and pleasant, whose advent is as the key to all agreeable things.

Paderewski's Return.

It was a very interesting night at the Philharmonic when Paderewski appeared for the first time since his American tour. He received the most enthusiastic welcome, and was recalled no less than seven times to the platform before he would take his en-

core. Seven times did the slight figure with the sloping shoulders reappear on the platform amidst vociferous applause; six times he only bowed his auburn head, and made off again in the direction of the artistes' room. But the last time he went to the piano, and gave the public what it had been wanting—the opportunity to hear him all by himself. He had played a new concertstück by Frederic Cowen, with the orchestra, but the public would not be satisfied without hearing him play a solo. The great pianist is just as simple and unspoilt as ever. He had a wonderfully successful tour in the States, making over £35,000. He travels with a staff of eight persons, being accompanied by his business manager, Mr. Hugo Görlitz, with two secretaries to assist him, a pianoforte tuner (onerous post), a butler, a valet, a negro servant, and a celebrated chef. This chef was celebrated even before he travelled all over the States with Lord Randolph Churchill, and, of course, he learnt much from his employer, for Lord Randolph was a great *gourmand*.

Madame Amy  
Sherwin.

The only vocalist on the Paderewski night was Madame Amy Sherwin, and it was indeed a pleasure to hear her sing. I stopped my pen in time, for I had nearly written "to see her." The Australian nightingale is one of the very few people who look well when they sing, and her platform manners are perfect. She looked such a sweet vision as she stood on the platform trilling out those exquisite notes which have never been approached except by Patti, that eye and ear were equally delighted. Her sweet smiling face was crowned with a wealth of Titianesque hair, and her pretty pink dress, with its garland of pink and black roses, stood out well against the sombre background formed by the black-coated orchestra. And how beautifully she sang! That fastidious audience recalled her again and again. Madame Sherwin has a very interesting personality. She is quite cosmopolitan. She has been twice round the world, and speaks five or six languages with ease.

She has sang before some of the most curious audiences that one can imagine, before the Court of Japan, and before Maoris and Kaffirs. She says she prefers either the most highly cultured audience or the most ignorant one, and that the two extremes are nearer than one would think.



Mr. Martin Harvey.

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

The most popular young actor of the day is Mr. Martin Harvey, and he is immensely sought after in society. Every young lady of seventeen who at all respects herself says she is in love with Mr. Martin Harvey, though doubtless his romantic part in "The Only Way" has a good deal to do with it. He has certainly a wonderful face,

impressed with the stamp of genius. Martin Harvey is quite at his best with children; the training of the clever little lad in "Ib and Little Christina" was a labour of love, and he believes it will be well repaid, as the child is so full of dramatic instinct that it is probable he will be a fine actor when he grows up, and not drift off into the usual limbo of infant prodigies. Mr. Harvey is devoted to his own little children, and makes a rule of spending an hour with them every evening before he goes down to the theatre. He reads history to them, of which they are very fond, astonishing all their governesses with their familiarity with past events.

**In the Dressing-room.**

The other evening I had a long talk with Mrs. Martin Harvey in her dressing-room, whilst she was attiring herself for the part of "Mimi." She said it was wonderful how that part had caught on, especially with women. She did not know why they should care for it so, except that a good many of them felt sympathy for unspoken love.



Miss M. de Silva.  
Photo by Window & Gross.

She is always getting flowers and letters from women, and one or two very sweet ones from little girls. Mrs. Harvey's is a case of a perfect vocation for the stage. When she was a little girl she ran away from her convent school, and went to Sir Henry Irving and begged him to give her a part. Sir Henry, always the kindest and wisest of men, told her to go back to her convent and finish her education, and to come to him in three years' time, when he would put her on the stage, which he did. She began by playing pages, and she had a great liking for boys' parts. Sir Henry was very strict about the pages' costumes. No page with a pinched-in waist was ever seen at the Lyceum. The clothes had to be cut exactly like a boy's, and perfectly accurate as to the fashion of the time.

**At the Lyceum.** These were most happy old days at the Lyceum.

Sir Henry and Miss Terry were most kind to the juvenile players, and Mrs. Harvey has quite a collection of pretty gifts which she got year after year from the Lyceum Christmas-tree. Miss Terry gave her a Cornelian necklace which she values greatly, and she remembers that when "The Amber Heart" was produced, Miss Terry gave every girl in the theatre an amber heart, and every child a necklace. Mrs. Harvey (then Miss de Silva) got so fond of boys' parts that she went on tour playing Pierre in "Robert Macaire," putting herself down as Mr. Ferro in the bills, and being criticised as a man by the critics. She preserved her incognito until she got to Oxford, but there she was found out, as so many of the students had seen her in other parts. "I should like to play a boy's part again," she concludes. "I am rather tired of a part like 'Mimi'—always creeping and crawling about."

Mrs. Harvey is nothing  
**For Good Luck.** if not neat. Her dressing-room is neatness itself, and her dress is most fresh and dainty. Her muslin aprons are made of the finest material that can be bought,

and she can wear them ever so long without their wanting to be ironed. Her pretty shoes are all in a row, and everything is ready to her hand. The constant changing of shoes and stockings is said by Mrs. Harvey to be one of the greatest trials of theatrical life. When they had the *matinée* for the District Messengers the other day, and a performance of "The Only Way" in the evening, she counted that she had to change her shoes and stockings no less than thirteen times. Mrs. Harvey's dressing-room is always full of flowers, and she has a fine old Elizabethan chair to sit in when she is making up. A bunch of white heather is fastened at one side of the long looking-glass "for luck," and she has a lot of little charms at the end of her chain of uncut turquoises—a Cornelian heart, "a tiny lucky pig" in gold, and an Egyptian scarabec some 7,000 years old.

Miss Isadora  
Duncan.

One of the great successes of the past season has been the dancing of Miss Isadora Duncan. Her dancing is something quite exceptional, and can only be appreciated by persons of culture. I could give quite a long list of the things one ought to know before one can understand the full meaning of these "dance-idylls;" ancient Greek art, Florentine art, and all the pictures of Boticelli. She has a wonderful power for expressing ideas through pose and gesture, and her perfectly-trained limbs are obedient to every suggestion of her mind. Miss Duncan began dancing in California when she was four, being taught by her grandmother, who was a dancer; she had lessons from a celebrated ballet-mistress in New York so as to master all the technique of her art. But the technique is entirely secondary; all this study was only the means to an end—the revival of the early Greek dances and the expression of poetic thought through the medium of motion. The beautiful dancer learnt Greek, and eagerly studied the poses of the dancing nymphs on the old Greek vases. She began by studying the statuary, she went on by studying the

vases, which are older than the statues, and then she made up her dances out of the attitudes of the figures. Her classic dances have been watched with the greatest interest by artists such as Tadema, Poynter, and Sir William Richmond—men who are full of the spirit of ancient Greece. Miss Duncan had a great success at a party at Lord Lathom's early in the season, where a very select audience was got together to see her, but she was seen to the greatest perfection at some evenings given at the New Gallery, where she danced in the beautiful entrance hall near the fountain. The company sat round three sides of the entrance hall, or watched the dancing from the gallery, and Mr. Dolmetch and his companions accompanied the dances with their ancient harpsichords and lutes. Several dances were given during the evening, which was commenced by a short lecture from some celebrity (Andrew Lang, Sir Hubert Parry, or Sir William Richmond), and the spaces filled up with appropriate music. These evenings were under the immediate patronage of the Princess Christian and there was an influential committee, of which the Countess Gleichen was the moving spirit. The Countess is a great admirer of Miss Duncan's, and takes a warm interest in her progress. The third evening was the most interesting of the series. Sir William Richmond gave a short lecture on Boticelli and the *Primavera*, and Miss Duncan then gave a dance suggested by the picture, a very gentle movement, with the gestures and attitudes familiar to us in the paintings of the time. In a dance founded on *La Bella Simonetta*, the young dancer gave the impression of the joy felt at the sight of the rose, the pleasure of placing it in the garland, and the sorrow felt when its beauty is fled. A *Bacchante* dance won enthusiastic applause, it was so interesting to see the attitudes of the nymphs on the friezes come to life, but the prettiest of all was the realisation of Ambrogio de Predis' angel playing on the viol. I don't know how the dancer managed to convey an idea of the little angel in the picture having come to life, floating about with sweet and gracious

movements and charming smiles. Her sister told me that the dancer had been practising these expressions for the last week—going about with her eyes cast upwards, and wearing the most angelic expression—a thing which it might be well if other people practised in family life.

**The Lord Mayor's City Worthies.** luncheon to those associated with the Dictionary of National Biography was a graceful act, a thoughtful tribute in City turtle to a production of national importance and utility. In these days of trade unions and restriction of sympathy and expenditure to one's own immediate circle of interests, I take leave to rejoice at the exception. Still, I have been wondering whether many City men, the business brains that have helped to make England great, have found entrance to these volumes.

**The City Man's Retiring Character.** The number of biographies of business men, separately published, might, I think, be counted on the fingers of one hand. The great majority of City men, eminent in their profession, live and die without public notice of their abilities. The true type does not seek publicity, even in days of assiduous self-advertisement. The public, therefore, knows not of him.

**A Touch of Romance.** In Capel Court, dead and buried behind Parr's Bank, the Alliance Assurance, and the Sun Life Office, is the real front door of the Stock Exchange. If the explorer makes his way to it he is rewarded by the only touch of romance, the only air of dignity or reserve, the place possesses. The quiet shadowed court, the quaint rounded doorway leading to the Consol Market, and over the entrance the simple words, kindly touched by time and weather, "Stock Exchange, MDCCCL," and above again, "Altered and Enlarged, MDCCCLIII." He will come away justly impressed, and go on

to the bustle of Threadneedle Street striving to catch another glimpse to renew the charm, but baulked by the North British and Mercantile and a frivolously pagodaed post office, he will find himself again in Broad Street disheartened and amazed.

**A Characteristic.** In no city but London would the God of Money and Money's Worth so hide his dwelling. No other city would so conceal the beating of its heart. For such, after all, the Stock Exchange is to the practical side of the nation's life. Not its soul: no manufactory of ideas or theories; with such things it has little truck and less patience; but that which gathers up the full material power of the people, and sends it pulsating forth again, to enable them to live. For this view I think there is much to be said.

**The Great Globe Itself.** But, if the Stock Exchange is a solemn temple to the outsider, it is the great globe itself to all which it inhabit; and it presents some of the features of the world — on Mercator's projection—with differences, somewhat vital some may think, but the parallel will serve. For instance, the North Pole would be probably in the north-east corner, where the Klondyke market is not yet thawed into excessive business; while the Antarctic is in the south-west corner, ramparted by the classic ice of Government securities.

**A Torrid Zone.** The very real line of extreme heat rises in the far East among the Westralians, sweeps widely northward through the midst of the Kaffir Circus, up again to the centre, hardly distinguishable in the temperate region of the Home Railway Market, then suddenly dashes, vivid and evident, through the tropical district of the American Market, and vanishes by the Yankee door into Shorter's Court, in the north-west angle of the House. Squeezed by the Kaffir Market into



a corner to the north of this line, Foreign Government Securities, Argentinians, and Canals and Docks maintain what appears almost a precarious footing. To the south extends the great temperate band of the Miscellaneous and the Foreign Rail Markets.

**The Volume of Business.**

To a stranger, the general din and the mass of people would seem evidence enough that brisk business was proceeding, but an experienced eye and ear would detect the difference at once. The volume of business has been, for some time, small. Nothing tends more to diminish it than political uncertainty.

Kaffirs particularly have suffered from this cause throughout the Transvaal War. The spasmodic rises which have taken place have not been lasting, and British success in the field has, for the Kaffir Market, only been able to secure a slow, if sure, improvement in the average price of the best shares, other shares being comparatively neglected. Indeed, the Kaffir Blondin donkey has one eye on the Government ringmaster, to see what he is going to do with that Settlement whip, and the other on the empty benches where the public is only slowly beginning to "come in." He is ready to square up to the one or make his bow to the other, as occasion offers. Meantime he is striving to warm himself at the footlights.

**The Slim Transvaaler.**

On the matter of the Transvaal Settlement depends all the question of the re-opening of the two Boer States to business and immigration. There seems every prospect of a large demand both for mining properties and for land when the war is over, and the slim Transvaaler is sure to find some way of indemnifying himself at the expense of the Britisher. Property in the neighbourhood of Johannesburg and Pretoria will rise to the demand of the speculative builder. Such is the reward of patriotism!

**Colonials get a Remove.**

It is good news to trustees, and probably still more so to the unfortunate beneficiaries whose capital is, at present, fast locked in gilt-edged securities, yielding a return of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  or  $2\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., that some of the best Colonial Government stocks are to be thrown open to them. This has been possible in Scotland for some years, and I suppose we have to thank the Imperial idea for at last giving some impetus to the principle in England, even in the form, carefully bound with red tape, that it is proposed to grant to us.

**An Imperial Guarantee.**

The Imperial guarantee for all Imperial obligations is sure to come—in time—and would be a great boon now to the investor. I fear, however, we will be too cautious to try it until the boon is much depreciated.

**A Good Time Coming.**

I am glad, however, to be able to inform any investor who does not happen to see that eminently instructive periodical "The Statist," that the return on investment will, generally speaking, rise, from this out. It appears that, what with the Baring Crisis, the Sherman Act, the Australian Banking strammash, the Venezuelan difficulty, the Kaiser's Kruger telegram; the Armenian Massacres, the Chino-Japanese War, the triple combination to rob Japan of the fruits of her success, the Greco-Turkish War, the Spanish-American ditto, differences with France over Newfoundland, West Africa, and Fashoda, the Boer War, and the present trouble in China, the whole world has had its feet, economically and politically, in mustard and water for the last ten years. If the great Powers fail to screw their courage to the sticking place, and to indulge in a general war for China, the effect will be a conviction in the mind of the general public that they never will do so. An immediate feeling of security will cause a great efflux of money to investment in foreign securities, the total of such investment being much lower now than it used to be. The

ultimate result will be a demand for money for purposes of trade, a flow to meet it, a depreciation of price in gilt-edged securities, and a consequent increase of the rate of return to the investor on his purchases at the reduced price. We, therefore, may live in hope.

**Home Rails.** Home Railway ordinary stocks seem likely to tend downwards for six months or more, as dividends cannot in the nature of things show improvement, owing to costly coal and increased capital charges. So that those people who buy them for a rise may very possibly be disappointed.

**The Ladies' Line.** One of the problems of Home Rails is whether the Central London Railway, when opened to the public, will pay on an all-round fare of twopence. This time alone can show. Serving as it does the great shopping centre, I should suggest that the tip for this, as for most other problems, is *chercher la femme*. Undoubtedly, as loyal citizens, ladies should support the new railway by their short journeys:

Tripping hither, tripping thither,  
Nobody knows why, or whither.

Seeing that the short journeyer will pay the best, I should think the Company might well consider the question of special (above all, clean) ladies' carriages in shopping hours.

**Why, O Why?** Why, O why, is Royalty never allowed to see common things as they are? Why is every great undertaking opened before it is finished? Why must the distinguished opener view everything through the rose-coloured spectacles of palms and crimson cloth, used to conceal the raggedness and deficiency of paint incidental to an unfinished job? In this respect the Central Railway was better than many; also in its comparatively early opening to the public. But it is always thus. I think certain exalted personages must pine sometimes for a little green cloth and crimson evergreens, even deal boarding unadorned, to vary the eternal monotony.

**Company Law Reform.** Only good can come to the public from any reform of Company Law. If the Bill now before Parliament merely secures that a Company shall not start its business until a proper amount of cash has been subscribed, it will do much good.

**Three Points.** Three points:—Silver and silver securities will probably gain in value, whatever happens.—Money is likely to be dearer.—The British Government has always been, and is now, more than ever, suffering from hand-to-mouth disease.

